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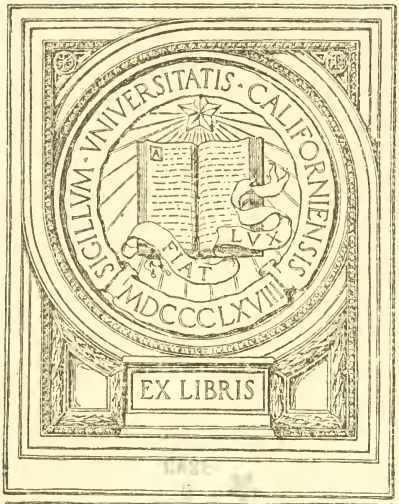

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Two Lamentable Tragedies

by Robert Yarrington.

Date of only known quarto 1601

Reproduced in Facsimile 1913

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Two Lamentable Tragedies

by ROBERT YARRINGTON.

1601

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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Two Lamentable Tragedies

BY ROB. YARRINGTON.

1601

This reproduction of the only known edition is from the British Museum copy. Bodley has a copy and two or three others are known.

"The Dictionary of National Biography," speaking of this play and its author, says: "Nothing has been discovered concerning Robert Yarrington. In 'Henslowe's Diary' (ed. Collier, pp. 92-3) we find that in 1599 *Haughton & Day wrote a tragedy called 'The tragedy of Thomas Merrye.' This was clearly on the first subject of Yarrington's play. The next entry in the 'Diary' refers to 'The Orphanes Tragedy' by Chettle, which was apparently never finished. This would seem to be the second subject of Yarrington's play. Mr. Fleay conjectures that Rob. Yarrington is a fictitious name, and that his play is an amalgamation of the two plays by Haughton, Day & Chettle. Mr. A. H. Bullen republished the play with an introduction in a collection of 'Old English Plays'* 1885, *vol. IV."*

The reproduction of this facsimile is satisfactory; the original is more or less stained and the paper in places worn into holes which are readily noticed in this facsimile.

JOHN S. FARMER.

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Two Lamentable Tragedies.

The one, of the murther of Maiſter Beech *a Chaundler in* Thames-ſtreete, and his boye, done by *Thomas Merry.*

*The other of a young childe mur-*thered in a Wood by two Ruffins, *with the conſent of his Vnckle.*

By Rob. Yarington.

London
Printed for *Mathew Lawe*, and are to be ſolde at *his ſhop in Paules Church-yarde neere vnto S. Auſtines gate, at the ſigne of the Foxe. 1601.*

Two Tragedies *in one.*

Enter Homicide, *ſolus.*

Haue in vaine paſt through each ſtately ſtreete,
And blinde-fold turning of this happie towne,
For wealth, for peace, and goodlie gouernement,
Yet can I not finde out a minde, a heart
For blood and cauſeleſſe death to harbour in;
They all are bent with vertuous gainefull trade,
To get their needmentes for this mortall life,
And will not ſoile their well addicted harts:
With rape, extortion, murther, or the death,
Of friend or foe, to gaine an Empery.
I cannot glut my blood delighted eye;
With mangled bodies which do gaſpe and grone,
Readie to paſſe to faire *Elizium*,
Nor bath my greedie handes in reeking blood,
Of fathers by their children murthered:
When all men elſe do weepe, lament and waile,
The ſad exploites of fearefull tragedies,
It glads me ſo, that it delightes my heart,
To ad new tormentes to their bleeding ſmartes.

Enter Auarice.

But here comes *Auarice*, as if he ſought,
Some buſie worke for his pernicious thought:

Whether ſo faſt all griping *Auarice?*
Aua. Why what carſt thou, I ſeeeke for one I miſſe.
Ho. I may ſupplie the man you wiſh to haue.
Aua. Thou ſeemes to be a bold audatious knaue,
I doe not like intruding companie,
That ſeeke to vndermine my ſecrecie.
Ho. Miſtruſt me not I am thy faithfull friend.
Aua. Many ſay ſo, that proue falſe in the end.
Ho. But turne about and thou wilt know my face,
Aua. It may be ſo, and know thy want of grace,
What *Homicide* thou art the man I ſeeke:
I reconcile me thus vpon thy cheeke. *Kiſſe, imbrace.*
Hadſt thou nam'd blood and damn'd iniquitie,
I had for borne to bight ſo bitterlie.
Hom. Knowſt thou a hart wide open to receiue,
A plot of horred deſolation,
Tell me of this, thou art my cheefeſt good,
And I will quaffe thy health in bowles of blood.
Aua. I know two men, that ſeeme two innocents,
Whoſe lookes ſurueied with iuditiall eyes:
Would ſeeme to beare the markes of honeſtie,
But ſnakes finde harbour mongſt the faireſt flowers,
Then neuer credit outward ſemblaunces:

Enter Trueth.

I know their harts relentleſſe mercileſſe,
And will performe through hope of benefit:
More dreadfull things then can be thought vpon.
Hom. If gaine will draw, I prethy then allure,
Their hungrie harts with hope of recompence,
But tye diſpaire vnto thoſe mooving hopes,
Vnleaſt a deed of murther farther it,
Then blood on blood, ſhall ouertake them all,
And we will make a bloodie feaſtiuall.
Coue. The plots are laide, the keyes of golden coine,
Hath op'd the ſecret cloſets of their harts,
Inter, inſult, make captiue at thy will,

Them-

Themſelues, and friends, with deedes of damned ill:
Yonder is truth, ſhe commeth to bewaile,
The times and parties that we worke vpon.
Hom. Why let her weepe, lament, and morne for me,
We are right bred of damn'd iniquitie,
And will go make a two-folde Tragedie. *Exeunt.*
Truth. Goe you diſturbers of a quiet ſoule,
Sad, greedy, gaping, hungrie *Canibals*,
That ioy to prattiſe others miſeries;
Gentles, prepare your teare bedecked eyes,
To ſee two ſhewes of lamentation,
Beſprinckled euery where with guiltleſſe blood,
Of harmleſſe youth, and pretie innocents,
Our Stage doth weare habilliments of woe,
Truth rues to tell the truth of theſe laments:
The one was done in famous London late,
Within that ſtreete whoſe ſide the riuer Thames
Doth ſtriue to waſh from all impuritie:
But yet that ſiluer ſtreame can neuer waſh,
The ſad remembrance of that curſed deede,
Perform'd by cruell *Merry* on iuſt *Beech*,
And his true boye poore *Thomas Wincheſter*,
The moſt here preſent, know this to be true:
Would truth were falſe, ſo this were but a tale,
The other further off, but yet too neere,
To thoſe that felt and did the crueltie:
Neere *Padua* this wicked deed was done,
By a falſe Vncle, on his brothers ſonne,
Left to his carefull education,
By dying Parents, with as ſtrict a charge,
As euer yet death-breathing brother gaue:
Looke for no mirth, vnleſſe you take delight,
In mangled bodies, and in gaping wounds,
Bloodily made by mercy wanting hands,
Truth will not faine, but yet doth grieue to ſhowe,
This deed of ruthe and miſerable woe,

Enter Merry.

I liue in meane and diſcontented ſtate,
But wherefore ſhould I thinke of diſcontent:
I am belou'd, I haue a pretty houſe,
A louing ſiſter, and a carefull man,
That doe not thinke their dayes worke well at end,
Except it bring me in ſome benefit:
And well frequented is my little houſe,
With many gueſtes and honeſt paſſengers,
Enter Beech *and a friend.*
Which may in time aduance my humble ſtate,
To greater wealth and reputation.
And here comes friends to drinke ſome beare or ale, *Sit in*
They are my neighbours, they ſhall haue the beſt, *his ſhop.*
Ne. Come neighbor *Beech* lets haue our mornings draught
And wele go drinke it at yong *Merries* houſe:
They ſay he hath the beſt in all this towne,
Beſides they ſay he is an honeſt man,
And keepes good rule and orders in his houſe.
Beech. He's ſo indeede, his converſation,
Is full of honeſt harmleſſe curteſie:
I dare preſume, if that he be within,
Hele ſerue vs well, and keepe vs company,
See where he is, go in, ile follow you. *Strive curteſie:*
Nay ſtraine no curteſie you ſhall goe before.
Mer. Your welcome neighbour, you are welcome ſir,
I praie ſit downe, your verie welcome both:
Beech. We thanke you for it, and we thinke no leſſe,
Now fill two cans of your ould ſtrongeſt beare:
That make ſo manie looſe their little wits,
And make indentures as they go along.
Mer. Hoe ſiſter *Rachell:* *Rach.* I come preſently.
Enter Rachell.
Mer. Goe draw theſe gentlemen two Cans of beare,
Your negligence that cannot tend the ſhop,
Willl make our cuſtomers forſake the houſe.
Wheres *Harry Williams* that he ſtaies not here.

Rach.

Rach. My ſelfe was buſie dreſſing vp the houſe,
As for your man he is not verie well:
But ſitteth ſleeping by the kitchen fier.
Mer. If you are buſie get you vp againe, *Exit.*
Ile draw my neighbours then their drinke my ſelfe,
Ile warrant you as good as any mans,
And yet no better, many haue the like. *Exit for Beare.*
Neigh. This ſhowes him for a plaine and honeſt man,
That will not flatter with too many wordes:
Some ſhriltong'd fellowes would haue cogd and faind,
Saying ile draw the beſt in Chriſtendome.
Beech. Hees none of thoſe, but beares an honeſt minde,
And ſhames to vtter what he cannot proue.
Enter Merry.
But here he comes, is that the beſt you haue,
Mer. It is the beſt vpon mine honeſt worde.
Beech. Then drinke to vs. *Mer.* I drinke vnto you both.
Nei. Beech. We pledge you both, and thanke you hartelie.
Beech. Heres to you ſir. *Neigh.* I thanke you,
Maiſter Beech *drinkes, drinke* Neighbour.
Neigh. Tis good indeed and I had rather drinke,
Such beare as this as any Gaſcoine wine:
But tis our Engliſh manner to affect
Strange things, and price them at a greater rate,
Then home-bred things of better conſequence.
Mer. Tis true indeede, if all were of your minde,
My poore eſtate would ſooner be aduanc'd:
And our French Marchants ſeeke ſome other trade.
Beech. Your poore eſtate, nay neighbour ſay not ſo,
For God be thanked you are well to liue.
Mer. Not ſo good neighbour, but a poore young man,
That would liue better if I had the meanes:
But as I am, I can content my ſelfe,
Till God amend my poore abilitie.
Neigh. In time no doubt, why man you are but young,
And God aſſure your ſelfe hath wealth in ſtore,
If you awaight his will with patience.

Beech. Thankes be to God I liue contentedlie,
And yet I cannot boast of mightie wealth:
But yet Gods blessings haue beene infinit,
And farre beyond my expectations,
My shop is stor'd, I am not much in debt;
And here I speake it where I may be bold,
I haue a score of poundes to helpe my neede,
If God should stretch his hand to visit me,
With sickneſſe, or such like aduersity.

Neigh. Enough for this, now neighbour whats to pay,

Mer. Two pence good sir. *Beech.* Nay pray sir forbeare,
Ile pay this reckoning for it is but small.

Neigh. I will not striue since yee will haue it so.

Beech. Neighbour farewell. *Exit Beech and neigh.*

Mer. Farewell vnto you both.
His shop is stor'd he is not much indebt.
He hath a score of poundes to helpe his neede,
I and a score too if the trueth were knowne:
I would I had a shop so stor'd with wares,
And fortie poundes to buy a bargaine with,
When as occasion should be offered me,
Ide liue as merrie as the wealthiest man;
That hath his being within London walles,
I cannot buy my beare, my bread, my meate:
My fagots, coales, and such like neceſſaries,
At the best hand, because I want the coine,
That manie misers coafer vp in bagges,
Hauing enough to serue their turnes besides:
Ah for a tricke to make this *Beeches* trash,
Forsake his cofer and to rest in mine,
I marrie sir, how may that tricke be done:
Marrie with ease and great facilitie,
I will inuent some new-found stratagem,
To bring his coyne to my possession;
What though his death relieue my pouertie,
Gaine waites on courage, loſſe on cowardice.

Enter

Enter Pandino *and* Armenia *ſicke on a bed,* Pertillo *their ſonne,* Falleria *his brother,* Soſtrato *his wife,* Alinſo *their ſonne, and a Scriuener with a VVill, &c.*

Pan. Brother and ſiſter, pray you both drawe neere,
And heere my will, which you haue promiſed
Shall be performde with wiſhed prouidence,
This little Orphant I muſt leaue behinde,
By your direction to be gouerned.
As for my wife and I, we do awaite,
The bleſſed houre when it ſhall pleaſe the Lord,
To take vs to the iuſt Ieruſalem.
Our chiefeſt care is for that tender boye,
Which we ſhould leaue diſcomfortleſſe behinde,
But that we do aſſure vs of your loue,
And care to guide his weake vnhable youth,
In pathes of knowledge grace and godlineſſe:
As for the riches of this mortall life,
We leaue enough, foure hundreth pounds a yeare,
Beſides two thouſand pounds to make a ſtocke,
In money, Iewels, Plate, and houſhold ſtuffe,
Which yearely rents and goods we leaue to you,
To be ſurrendered into his hands,
When he attaines to yeeres of diſcreation.
My Will imports thus much, which you ſhall heare,
And you ſhall be my ſole Executor.

Fall. Brother and ſiſter how my hart laments,
To ſee your weake and ſicke afflicted limmes,
Neere ouercome with dyrefull malladies,
The God of heauen can truely teſtifie,
Which to ſpeake plaine, is nere a whit at all. *To the people.*
Which knowes the ſecret corners of my heart,
But for the care you do impoſe on me,
For the tuition of your little ſonne,
Thinke my kinde brother, I will meditate,
Both day and night, how I may beſt fulfill,

The care and truſt, repoſed in your Will,
And ſee him poſted quickly after you. *To the people.*
Arm. Enough kinde brother, we aſſure vs ſo,
Elſe would we ſeeke another friend abroade,
To do our willes and dying Teſtament,
Nature and loue will haue a double care,
To bring him vp with carefull dilligence,
As beſt beſeemes one of ſuch parentage.
Fall. Aſſure your ſelfe the ſafeſt courſe I can,
Shall be prouided for your little ſonne,
He ſhall be ſent vnto the King of heauen. *To the people.*
Soſtr. Feare not good brother, and my louing ſiſter,
But we will haue as tender care of him,
As if he were our owne ten thouſand times:
God will be father of the fatherleſſe,
And keepe him from all care and wretchednesſe.
All: ſo. Vnckle and Aunt take comfort, I will ſee,
My little coozen haue no iniurie.
Pan. Ar. We thanke you all, come let the Will be read.
Fall. If it were ſeald, I would you both were dead.
Scrine. Then giue attention, I will read the Will.
Reade the Will.
In the name of God, Amen. I, &c.
Pan. Thus if my ſonne miſcarry, my deare brother,
You and your ſonne ſhall then enioy the land,
And all the goods which he ſhould haue poſſeſſd,
Fall. If he miſcarry, brother God forbid,
God bleſſe mine Nephew, that thine eyes may ſee,
Thy childrens children with proſperity:
I had rather ſee the little vrchin hangd, *To the people.*
Then he ſhould liue, and I forgoe the land.
Ar. Thankes gentle brother, husband ſeale the Will.
Pand. Giue me a Pen and Inke, firſt to ſubſcribe,
I write ſo ill through very feebleneſſe,
That I can ſcarcely know this hand for mine,
But that you all can witneſſe that it is.
Scri. Giue me the ſeale; I pray ſir take it of,

This

This you deliuer for your lateſt Will,
And do confirme it for your Teſtament.
Pand. With all my hart: here brother keepe my Will,
And I referre me to the will of God,
Praying him deale aſwell with you and yours,
As you no doubt will deale with my poore child:
Come my *Pertillo*, let me bleſſe thee boy,
And lay my halfe dead hand vpon thy head,
God graunt thoſe dayes that are cut off in me,
With ioy and peace may multiply in thee:
Be ſlowe to wrath, obey thy Vncle ſtill,
Submit thy ſelfe vnto Gods holy will,
In deede and word, ſee thou be euer true,
So brother, childe, and kinſfolkes all adue. *He dyeth.*
Per. Ah my deere mother, is my father dead?
Ar. I my ſweete Boye, his ſoule to heauen is fled,
But I ſhall after him immediatly,
Then take my lateſt bleſſing ere I dye,
Come let me kiſſe thy little tender lips,
Cold death hath tane poſſeſſion of thy mother.
Let me imbrace thee in my dying armes,
And pray the lord protect thee from al harmes:
Brother, I feare, this childe when I am gone,
Wil haue great cauſe of griefe & hideous feare:
You will protect him, but I prophecie,
His ſhare will be of woe and miſery:
But mothers feares do make theſe cares ariſe,
Come boye and cloſe thy mothers dying eyes.
Brother and ſiſter, here the lateſt words,
That your dead ſiſter leaues for memory:
If you deale ill with this diſtreſſed boye,
God will reuenge poore orphants iniuries,
If you deale well, as I do hope you will,
God will defend both you and yours from ill.
Farewell, farewell, now let me breath my laſt,
Into his deareſt mouth, that wanteth breath,
And as we lou'd in life imbrace in death;

Brother and ſiſter this is all I pray,
Tender my Boye when we are laide in clay. *Dyeth.*
Allen. Gods holy Angell guide your louing ſoules,
Vnto a place of endleſſe happineſſe.
Soſtr. Amen, Amen, ah what a care ſhe had,
Of her ſmall Orphant, ſhe did dying pray,
To loue her childe, when ſhe was laide in claye.
Scr. Ah blame her not although ſhe held it deare,
She left him yonge the greater cauſe offeare.
Fall. Knew ſhe my minde, it would recall her life, *To the people.*
And like a ſtaring Commet ſhe would mooue,
Our harts to thinke of deſolation,
Scriuenor, haue you certified the will?
Scri. I haue.
Fall. Then theres two Duckets for your paines.
Scri. Thankes gentle ſir, and for this time farewell. *Exit.*
Soſt. Come prety coozen, cozened by grim death,
Of thy moſt carefull parents all too ſoone,
Weepe not ſweete boy, thou ſhalt haue cauſe to ſay,
Thy Aunt was kinde, though parents lye in claye.
Pert. But giue me leaue firſt to lament the loſſe,
Of my deere Parents, nature bindeth me,
To waile the death of thoſe that gaue me life,
And if I liue vntill I be a man,
I will erect a ſumptuous monument,
And leaue remembrance to enſuing times,
Of kinde *Pandine* and *Armenia.*
Allen. That ſhall not neede, my father will erect,
That ſad memoriall of their timeles death,
And at that tombe we will lament and ſay
Soft lye the bones of faire *Armenia.*
Fall. Surceaſe *Allenſo*, thats a booteleſſe coſt,
The Will imports no ſuch iniunction:
I will not ſpend my little Nephewes wealth,
In ſuch vaine toyes, they ſhall haue funerall,
But with no ſtately ceremoniall pompe,
Thats good for nought but fooles to gaſe vppon;

Liue

Liue thou in hope to haue thine vnckles land.

Aller. His land, why father you haue land enough,
And more by much then I do know to vſe:
I would his vertues would in me ſurviue,
So ſhould my Vnckle ſeeme in me aliue,
But to your will I doe ſubmit my ſelfe,
Do what you pleaſe concerning funeralls.

Fall. Come then away, that we may take in hand,
To haue poſſeſſion of my brothers land,
His goods and all vntill he come of age:
To rule and gouerne ſuch poſſeſſions,
That ſhalbe neuer or ile miſſe my marke,
Till I ſurrender vp my life to death:
And then my ſonne ſhalbe his fathers heire,
And mount aloft to honors happy chaire.

Exeunt: Omnes.

Enter Merry *ſolus.*

Beech hath a ſcore of pounds to helpe his neede,
And I may ſtarue ere he will lend it me:
But in diſpight ile haue it ere I ſleepe,
Although I ſend him to eternall reſt,
But ſhallow foole, thou talkſt of mighty things,
And canſt not compaſſe what thou doſt conceiue:
Stay let me ſee, ile fetch him to my houſe,
And in my garret quickly murther him:
The night conceales all in her pitchie cloake,
And none can open what I meane to hide,
But then his boy will ſay I fetcht him foorth:
I am reſolu'd, he ſhall be murthered to,
This toole ſhall write, ſubſcribe, and ſeale their death,
And ſend them ſafely to another world:
But then my ſiſter, and my man at home,
Will not conceale it when the deede is done,
Tuſh one for loue, the other for reward,
Will neuer tell the world my cloſe intent,
My conſcience ſaith it is a damned deede:
To traine one foorth, and ſlay him priuily,

Peace conſcience, peace, thou art too ſcripulous,
Gaine doth attended this reſolution,
Hence daſtard feare, I muſt, I can, I will,
Kill my loue friend to get a bag of gold:
They ſhall dye both, had they a thouſand liues,
And therefore I will place this hammer here,
And take it as I follow *Beech* vp ſtaires,
That ſuddenlie before he is aware,
I may with blowes daſh out his hatefull braines,
Hoe *Rachell*, bring my cloake, looke to the houſe,
I will returne againe immediatly.

Rach. Here it is brother, I pray you ſtay not long,
Gueſſe will come in, 'tis almoſt ſupper time. *Ex. Ra.*

Mer. Let others ſuppe, ile make a bloudier feaſt,
Then euer yet was dreſt in *Merryes* houſe,
Be like thy ſelfe, then haue a merrie hart,
Thou ſhalt haue gold to mend thy pouertie,
And after this, liue euer wealthilie.

Then Merry *muſt paſſe to* Beeches *ſhoppe, who muſt ſit in his ſhop, and* Wincheſter *his boy ſtand by:* Beech *reading.*

What neighbour *Beech*, ſo godly occupied?

Beech. I maiſter *Merry* it were better reade,
Then meditate on idle fantaſies.

Mer. You ſpeake the trueth: there is a friend or two
Of yours, making merry in my houſe,
And would deſire to haue your company.

Beech. Know you their names?

Mer. No truely nor the men.
I neuer ſtoode to queſtion them of that,
But they deſire your preſence earneſtlie.

Beech. I pray you tell them that I cannot come,
Tis ſupper time, and many will reſort,
For ware at this time, aboue all other times;
Tis Friday night beſides, and Bartholmew eue,
Therefore good neighbour make my iuſt excuſe.

Mer. In trueth they told me that you ſhould not ſtay,

Goe

Goe but to drinke, you may come quick againe,
But not and if my hand and hammer hold. *People.*
Beech. I am vnwilling, but I do not care,
And if I go to see the company.
Mer. Come quickly then, they thinke we stay too long,
Beech. Ile cut a peece of Cheese to drinke withall.
Mer. I take the farewell of your cutting knife,
Here is a hand shall helpe to cut your throate:
And giue my selfe a fairing from your cheft:
What are you ready will you goe along?
Beech. I now I am, boy looke you tend the shoppe,
If any aske, come for me to the Bull:
I wonder who they are that aske for me.
Mer. I know not that, you shall see presentlie,
Goe vp those staires, your friends do stay aboue,
Here is that friend shall shake you by the head,
And make you stagger ere he speake to you.
Then being in the vpper Rome Merry *stricks him in the head fifteene times.*
Now you are safe, I would the boy were so,
But wherefore wish I, for he shall not liue,
For if he doe, I shall not liue my selfe.
Merry *wiped his face from blood.*
Lets see what mony he hath in his purse,
Masse heres ten groates, heres something for my paine,
But I must be rewarded better yet.
Enter Rachell *and* Harry Williams.
Wil. Who was it *Rachell* that went vp the staires?
Rach. It was my brother, and a little man
Of black complexion, but I know him not,
Wil. Why do you not then carry vp a light,
But suffer them to tarry in the darke.
Rach. I had forgot, but I will beare one vp. *Exit vp.*
Wil. Do so I prethee, he will chide anon. *Exit.*
Rachell *speaketh to her brother.*
Rachell. Oh brother, brother, what haue you done?
Mer. Why murtherd one that would haue murtherd me,

Rach.

Rach. We are vndone, brother we are vndone,
What ſhall I ſay for we are quite vndone.
Mer. Quiet thy ſelfe ſiſter, all ſhalbe well,
But ſee in any caſe you do not tell,
This deede to *Williams* nor to any one:
Rach. No, no, I will not, was't not maiſter *Beech*?
Mer. It was, it is, and I will kill his man, *Exit Rach.*
Or in attempting doe the beſt I can.
Enter Williams *and* Rachell.
Wil. What was the matter that you cride ſo lowde?
Rach. I muſt not tell you, but we are vndone:
Wil. You muſt not tell me, but we are vndone,
Ile know the cauſe wherefore we are vndone. *Exit vp.*
Rach Oh would the thing were but to doe againe,
The thought thereof doth rent my hart in twaine,
Williams *to* Merry *aboue.* *She goes vp.*
Wil. Oh maiſter, maiſter, what haue you done?
Mer. Why ſlaine a knaue that would haue murtherd me
Better to kill, then to be kild my ſelfe.
Wil. With what? wherewith? how haue you ſlaine the mã?
Mer. Why with this hammer I knockt out his braines.
Wil. Oh it was beaſtly ſo to butcher him,
If any quarrell were twixt him and you:
You ſhould haue bad him meete you in the field,
Not like a coward vnder your owne roofe;
To knock him downe as he had bin an oxe,
Or ſilly ſheepe prepard for ſlaughter houſe:
The Lord is iuſt, and will reuenge his blood,
On you and yours for this extremitie.
I will not ſtay an hower within your houſe,
It is the wickedſt deed that ere was done.
Mer. Oh ſir content your ſelfe, all ſhall be well,
Whats done already, cannot be vndone.
Rach. Oh would to God, the deed were now to do,
And I were priuie to your ill intent,
You ſhould not do it then for all the world.
But prethie *Harry* do not leaue the houſe,

For

For then ſuſpition will ariſe thereof,
And if the thing be knowne we are vndone.
Vvil. Forſake the houſe, I will not ſtay all night,
Though you will giue the wealth of Chriſtendome.
Mer. But yet conceale it, for the loue of God,
If otherwiſe, I know not what to do.
Vvil. Here is my hand, ile neuer vtter it,
Aſſure your ſelfe of that, and ſo farewell.
Mer. But ſweare to me, as God ſhall helpe thy ſoule,
Thou wilt not tell it vnto any one.
Vvil. I will not ſweare, but take my honeſt worde,
And ſo farewell, my ſoule aſſureth me, *Exit Merry*
God will reuenge this damn'd iniquitie. *and Rach.*
What ſhall become of me vnhappie wretch?
I dare not lodge within my Maiſters houſe,
For feare his murthrous hand ſhould kill me too,
I will go walke and wander vp and downe,
And ſeeke ſome reſt, vntill the day appeare:
At the Three-Cranes, in ſome Haye loft Ile lye,
And waile my Maiſters comming miſerie. *Exit.*

Enter Fallerio *ſolus.*

Fall. I haue poſſeſſion of my brothers goods,
His tennants pay me rent, acknowledge me
To be their Landlord, they frequent my houſe,
With Turkeys, Capons, Pigeons, Pigges and Geeſe,
And all to gaine my fauour and good will.
His plate, his Iewels, hangings, houſhould ſtuffe,
May well beſeeme to fit a demie King,
His ſtately buildings, his delightfull walkes,
His fertile Meadowes, and rich ploughed lands,
His well growne woods and ſtor'd Fiſhing ponds,
Brings endleſſe wealth, beſides continuall helpe,
To keepe a good and hoſpitable houſe:
And ſhall I ioy theſe pleaſures but a time,
Nay brother, ſiſter, all ſhall pardon me,
Before Ile ſell my ſelfe to penurie.

The world doth know, thy brother but reſign'd,
The lands and goods, vntill his ſonne attain'de,
To riper yeares to weld and gouerne them,
Then openly thou canſt not do him wrong,
He liuing: there's the burthen of the ſong.
Call it a burthen, for it ſeemes ſo great
And heauie burthen, that the boy ſhould liue,
And thruſt me from this height of happineſſe:
That I will not indure ſo heauie waight,
But ſhake it off, and liue at libertie,
Free from the yoake of ſuch ſubiection,
The boy ſhall dye, were he my fathers ſonne,
Before Ile part with my poſſeſſion.
Ile call my ſonne, and aske his good aduice,
How I may beſt diſpatch this ſerious cauſe:
Hoe ſir *Allenſe*? *Allen*. Father. *Fall*. Hearken ſonne,
I muſt intreate your furtherance and aduiſe,
About a thing that doth concerne vs neere,
Firſt tell me how thou dooſt affect in heart,
Little *Pertillo*, thy dead Vnckles ſonne.

Allen. So well good father, that I cannot tell,
Whether I loue him dearer then my ſelfe:
And yet if that my heart were calde to count,
I thinke it would ſurrender me to death,
Ere young *Pertillo* ſhould ſuſtaine a wrong.

Fall. How got his ſafetie ſuch a deepe regarde
Within your heart, that you affect it ſo?

Allen. Nature gaue roote, loue, and the dying charge,
Of his dead father, giues ſuch ſtore of ſap,
Vnto this tree of my affection,
That it will neuer wither till I dye.

Fall. But nature, loue, and reaſon, tels thee thus,
Thy ſelfe muſt yet be neereſt to thy ſelfe.

Allen. His loue dooth not eſtrange me from my ſelfe,
But doth confirme my ſtrength with multitudes,
Of benefits, his loue will yeelde to me.

Fall. Beware to foſter ſuch pernicious ſnakes,

With-

Within thy boſome, which will poyſon thee.
Allen He is a Doue, a childe, an innocent,
And cannot poyſon, father though he would.
Fall. I will be plainer, know *Pertilles* life,
Which thou dooſt call, a Doue, an innocent:
A harmleſſe childe, and, and I know not what,
Will harme thee more, then any Serpent can,
I, then the very ſight of Baſiliskes.
Allen. Father, you tell me of a ſtrange diſcourſe,
How can his life produce ſuch detriment,
As Baſiliskes, whoſe onely ſight is death?
Fall. Hearken to me, and I will tell thee how:
Thou knowſt his fathers goods, his houſes, lands,
Haue much aduaunc'd our reputation,
In hauing but their vſage for a time,
If the boy liue, then like to ſenceleſſe beaſts,
Like longd eard Aſſes, and riche laden Mules,
We muſt reſigne theſe treaſures to a boye,
And we like Aſſes feede on ſimple Haye:
Make him away, they ſhall continue ours,
By vertue of his fathers Teſtament,
The Iewels, caſtles, medowes, houſes, lands,
Which thy ſmall cozen, ſhould defeate thee of,
Be ſtill thine owne, and thou aduance thy ſelfe,
Aboue the height of all thine Auncеſtours.
Allen. But if I mount by murther and deceite,
Iuſtice will thruſt aſpiring thoughts belowe,
And make me caper for to breake my neck:
After ſome wofull lamentation,
Of my obedience to vnlawfulneſſe:
I tell you plaine, I would not haue him dye,
Might I enioy the *Soldans* Emperie.
Fall. What wilt thou barre thy ſelfe of happineſſe,
Stop the large ſtreame of pleaſures which would flowe,
And ſtill attend on thee like Seruingmen:
Preferre the life of him that loues thee not,
Before thine owne, and my felicitie.

Allen. Ide rather chooſe to feede on carefulneſſe,
To ditche, to delue, and labour for my bread,
Nay rather chooſe to begge from doore to doore,
Then condiſcend to offer violence,
To young *Portillo* in his innocence,
I know you ſpeake, to ſound what mightie ſhare,
Portillo hath in my affection.

Fall. In faith I do not, therefore prethie ſay,
Wilt thou conſent to haue him made away.

Allen. Why then in faith, I am aſhamde to thinke,
I had my being from ſo foule a lumpe
Of adulation and vnthankfulneſſe,
Ah, had their dying praiers no auaile
Within your hart? no, damnd extorcion,
Hath left no roome for grace to harbor in,
Audacious ſinne, how canſt thou make him ſay,
Conſent to make my brothers ſonne away.

Fall. Nay if you ginne to brawle, withdraw your ſelfe,
But vtter not the motion that I made,
As you loue me, or do regarde your life.

Allen. And as you loue my ſafetie, and your ſoule,
Let grace, and feare of God, ſuch thoughts controule.

Fall. Still pratling, let your grace and feare alone,
And leaue me quickly to my priuate thoughts,
Or with my ſworde Ile open wide a gate,
For wrath and bloudie death to enter in.

Allen. Better you gaue me death and buriall,
Then ſuch foule deeds ſhould ouerthrow vs all.

Fall. Still are you wagging that rebellious tounge,
Ile dig it out for Crowes to feede vpon,
If thou continue longer in my ſight. *Exit Allenſo.*
He loues him better then he loues his life,
Heres repetition of my brothers care,
Of ſiſters chardge, of grace, and feare of God,
Feare daſtards, cowards, faint hart run-awayes,
Ile feare no coulours to obteine my will,
Though all the fiends in hell were oppoſite,

Ide

Ide rather looſe mine eye, my hand, my foote,
Be blinde, wante ſences, and be euer lame,
Then be tormented with ſuch diſcontent,
This reſignation would afflict me with,
Be blithe my boy, thy life ſhall ſure be done,
Before the ſetting of the morrowe ſunne.

Enter Auarice *and* Homicide *bloody.*

Hom. Make haſt, runne headlong to deſtruction,
I like thy temper, that canſt change a heart,
From yeelding fleſh, to Flinte and Adamant,
Thou hitſt it home, where thou dooſt faſten holde,
Nothing can ſeperate the loue of golde.

Aua. Feare no relenting, I dare pawne my ſoule,
(And thats no gadge, it is the diuels due)
He ſhall imbrew his greedie griping hands,
In the dead boſome of the bloodie boy,
And winde himſelfe, his ſonne, and harmleſſe wife,
In endleſſe foldes of ſure deſtruction.
Now *Homicide*, thy lookes are like thy ſelfe,
For blood, and death, are thy companions,
Let my confounding plots but goe before,
And thou ſhalt wade vp to the chin in gore.

Homi. I finde it true, for where thou art let in,
There is no ſcrupule made of any ſinne,
The world may ſee thou art the roote of ill,
For but for thee, poore *Beech* had liued ſtill. *Exeunt.*

Enter Rachel *and* Merry.

Rach. Oh my deare brother, what a heape of woe,
Your raſhneſſe hath powrd downe vpon your head:
Where ſhall we hide this trumpet of your ſhame,
This timeleſſe ougly map of crueltie?
Brother, if *VVilliams* do reueale the truth,
Then brother, then, begins our ſceane of ruthe.

Mer. I feare not *VVilliams* but I feare the boy,
Who knew I fetcht his maiſter to my houſe.

Rach. What doth the boy know wherabouts you dwel?

Mer. I that tormentes me worſe then panges of hell,
He muſt be ſlaine to, elſe hele vtter all.
Rach. Harke brother, harke, me thinkes I here on call.
Mer. Go downe and ſee, pray God my man keep cloſe:
If he proue long-tongd then my daies are done,
The boy muſt die, there is no helpe at all:
For on his life, my verie life dependes,
Beſides I cannot compaſſe what I would,
Vnleſſe the boy be quicklie made away,
This that abridgde his hapleſſe maiſters daies,
Shall leaue ſuch ſound memorials one his head,
That he ſhall quite forget who did him harme,
Or train'd his maiſter to this bloodie feaſt:
Why how now *Rachell*? who did call below?

Enter Rachell.

Rach. A maide that came to haue a pennie loafe.
Mer. I would a pennie loafe coſt me a pound,
Prouided *Beeches* boy had eate his laſt.
Rach. Perchaunce the boy doth not remember you.
Mer. It maie be ſo, but ile remember him. *to people.*
And ſend him quicklie with a bloodie ſcrowle,
To greete his maiſter in another world.
Rach. Ile goe to *Beeches* on a faind excuſe,
To ſee if he will aske me for his maiſter.
Mer. No, get you vp, you ſhall not ſtir abroade,
And when I call, come quicklie to the dore.
Rach. Brother, or that, or any thing beſide,
To pleaſe your minde, or eaſe your miſerie. *Exit.*
Mer. I am knee deepe, ile wade vp to the waſt,
To end my hart of feare, and to attaine,
The hoped end of my intention?
But I maie ſee, if I haue eyes to ſee,
And if my vnderſtanding be not blind,
How manie dangers do alreadie waight,
Vpon my ſteppes of bold ſecuritie,
Williams is fled, perchaunce to vtter all,
Thats but perchance, naie rather flatlie no,

But

But ſhould he tell, I can but die a death,
Should he conceale, the boy would vtter it,
The boy muſt die, there is no remedie.

The boy ſitting at his maiſters dore.

VVin. I wonder that my maiſter ſtaies ſo long,
He had not wont to be abroade ſo late:
Yonder comes one, I thinke that ſame is he.

Mer. I ſee the boye ſits at his maiſters doore,
Or now, or neuer, *Merry* ſtir thy ſelfe,
And rid thy hart from feare and iealouſie:
Thomas Wincheſter go quicklie to your ſhoppe,
What ſit you ſtill, your maiſter is at hand.

When the boy goeth into the ſhoppe Merrie *ſtriketh ſixe blowes on his head & with the ſeauenth leaues the hammer ſticking in his head, the boy groaning muſt be heard by a maide who muſt crye to her maiſter.* Merrie *flieth.*

Mai. Oh God I thinke theres theeues in *Beeches* ſhop.

Enter one in his ſhirt and a maide, and comming to Beeches *ſhop findes the boy murthered.*

Nei. What cruell hand hath done ſo foule a deede,
Thus to bemangle a diſtreſſed youth:
Without all pittie or a due remorſe,
See how the hammer ſticketh in his head,
Wherewith this honeſt youth is done to death,
Speake honeſt *Thomas*, if any ſpeach remaine,
What cruell hand hath done this villanie:
He cannot ſpeake, his ſences are bereft,
Hoe neighbour *Loney*, pray come downe with ſpeede,
Your tennant *Beeches* man is murthered.

Loney ſleeping. What would you haue ſome Muſtard?

Nei. Your tennant *Beeches* man, is murthered.

Lo. Whoſe ſmothered, I thinke you lack your wit, *Out*
What neighbor? what make you here ſo late? *at a Window.*

Nei. I was affrighted by a ſodaine crie,
And comming downe found maiſter *Beeches* man,
Thus with a hammer ſticking in his head. *Comes downe.*

Lancy. Ah wo is me for *Thomas Wincheſter*,
The trueſt ſoule that euer maiſter had,
Wheres maiſter *Beech*? *Neigh.* Nay, no body can tell:
Did you ſee any running from the dore,
When you lookt out and heard the youngman crie,
Maid. Yes I ſaw two trulie to my thinking, but they
Ranne away as faſt as their hands could beare them:
By my troth twas ſo darke I could ſee no bodie, *To people.*
Pray God maiſter *Beech* hath not hurt his boy in his pati-
And if he haue he muſt be hangd in his choller. (ence
Lo. I dare be ſworne he would not ſtrike him thus,
Praie God his maiſter be not ſlaine himſelfe.
The night growes late, and we will haue this courſe
Be watch'd all night, to morrow we ſhall ſee,
Whence ſprang this ſtrange vnciuill crueltie.
Ner. Neighbour good night. *Lan.* Neighbors all good
Ma. Praie God I neuer ſee ſo ſad a ſight. (night.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Merry *knocking at the doore, and* Rachell *comes downe.*

Mer. Oh ſiſter, ſiſter, now I am purſu'd,
The mightie clamour that the boy did make,
Hath raiſde the neighbours round about the ſtreet:
So that I know not where to hide my ſelfe.
Ra. What brother, haue you kild *Beeches* boy?
Mer. No, no, not I, but yet another hath,
Come, come to bed, for feare we be diſcri'd:
The fearefulleſt night that euer *Merry* knew. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falleria *and two Ruffians.*

Fall. Seeme it not ſtrange reſolued gentleman,
That I thus priuatelie haue ſeuered you,
To open ſecret ſorrowes of my hart:
Thinke not I do intend to vndermine,
Your paſſed liues, although you know I am,
A man to whom the true vnpartiall ſworde,
Of equall iuſtice is deliuered,
Therefore ſweare both, as you reſpect your ſoules,

At the laſt dreadfull ſeſſions held in heauen,
Firſt to conceale, and next to execute,
What I reueale, and ſhall enioyne you to.
Both. So you rewarde vs, whatſoeuer it be,
We vowe performance, and true ſecreſie.
Fall. There go aſide, yee ſeeming ſemblances,
Of equall iuſtice, and true pietie,
And lay my hearts corrupted Cytadell,
Wide open to your thoughts to looke into.
Know I am nam'd *Fallerio*, to deceiue
The world with ſhew of truth and honeſtie,
But yet nor truth, nor honeſtie abides,
Within my thoughts, but falſhood, crueltie,
Blood ſucking *Auarice*, and all the ſinnes,
That hale men on to bloodie ſtratagems,
Like to your ſelues, which care not how you gaine,
By blood, extorcion, falſhood, periurie,
So you may haue a pleaſing recompence: *They ſtart.*
Start not aſide, depart not from your ſelues,
I know your compoſition is as mine,
Of bloud, extortion, falſhood, periurie,
True branded with the marke of wickedneſſe.
1. Ruffin. Be not ſo bitter, we are they indeede,
That would depriue our fathers of their liues,
So we were ſure to haue a benefit:
I way no more the murthring of a child,
Drag'd from the ſucking boſome of his mother,
Then I reſpect to quaffe a boule of wine,
Vnto his health, that dearely loueth me.
2 Ruff. Where golde rewardeth, were apparent death
Before mine eyes, bolde, hartie, viſible,
Ide wraſtle with him for a deadly fall,
Or I would looſe my guerdon promiſed:
Ide hang my brother for to weare his coate,
That all that ſawe me might haue cauſe to ſay,
There is a hart more firme then Adamant,
To practiſe execrable butcheries.

Fall. I know that well, for were I not aſſur'd,
Of your performance in this enterprice,
I would not ope the cloſet of my breſt,
To let you know my cloſe intention,
There is a little boy, an vrchin lad,
That ſtands betweene me and the glorious rayes,
Of my ſoule-wiſhing ſunne of happineſſe:
There is a thicket ten miles from this place,
Whoſe ſecret ambuſh, and vnvſed wayes,
Doth ſeeme to ioyne with our conſpiracie,
There murther him, and when the deed is done,
Caſt his dead body in ſome durtie ditch,
And leaue him for the Fowles to feed vpon:
Do this, here is two hundreth markes in golde,
To harten on your reſolution:
Two hundreth more, after the deed is done,
Ile pay you more for ſatiſfaction.

1. Ruff. Swones her's rewards would make one kill himſelfe,
To leaue his progenie ſo rich a prize,
Were twentie liues engadged for this coine,
Ide end them all, to haue the money mine.

2. Ruff. Who would not hazard life, nay ſoule and all,
For ſuch a franke and bounteous pay-maiſter,
Sblood, what labour is't to kill a boy,
It is but thus, and then the taske is done,
It grieues me moſt, that when this taske is paſt,
I haue no more to occupie my ſelfe,
Two hundreth markes to giue a paltrie ſtab,
I am impacient till I ſee the brat.

Fall. That muſt be done with cunning ſecrecie,
I haue deuiſde to ſend the boye abroade,
With this excuſe, to haue him foſtred,
In better manners then this place affoords,
My wife, though loath indeed to part with him,
Yet for his good, ſhe will forgoe her ioy,
With hope in time to haue more firme delights,
Which ſhe expects from young *Pertilles* life,

2. Ruff. Call you him *Pertillo*, faith leaue out the *T.*
Fall. Why ſo? *Ruff.* Becauſe *Perillo* will remaine,
For he ſhall ſurely periſh if I liue:
What do you call the father of the child?
Fall. Why man, he hath no father left aliue.
1. Ruff. Yes ſuch a father, that doth ſee and know,
How we do plot this little infants woe. *To the people.*
2. Ruff. Why then his little ſonne is much to blame,
That doth not keepe his father company.
When ſhall we haue deliuerie of the boy?
Fall. To morrow morning by the breake of day,
And you muſt ſweare you'le ſee him ſafely brought,
Vnto the place that I do ſend him to.
2. Ruff. That may we ſafely, for you meane to ſend
Him to the wood, and there his iourney ends:
Both ſoule and limbes ſhall haue a place to reſt,
In earth the laſt, the firſt in *Abrams* breſt.
Fall. Come gendemen, this night go reſt with me,
To morrow end *Pertillos* tragedie. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Merry *and* Rachell.

Mer. Siſter, now all my golde expected hopes,
Of future good, is plainely vaniſhed,
And in her ſtead, grim viſadged diſpaire,
Hath tane poſſeſſion of my guiltie heart,
Deſire to gaine, began this deſperate acte,
Now plaine apparance of deſtruction,
Of ſoule and body, waights vpon my ſinne,
Although we hide our ſinnes from mortall men,
Whoſe glaſſe of knowledge is the face of man,
The eye of heauen beholdes our wickednesſe,
And will no doubt reuenge the innocent.
Rach. Ah, do not ſo diſconſolate your ſelfe,
Nor adde new ſtreames of ſorrow to your griefe,
Which like a ſpring tide ouer-ſwels the bankes,
Leaſt you do make an inundation,
And ſo be borne away with ſwifteſt tides,

Of vgly feare, and ſtrong diſpairing thoughts,
I am your ſiſter, though a ſilly Maide,
Ile be your true and faithfull comforter.
Mer. *Rachel*, I ſee thy loue is infinite,
And ſorrow had ſo borne my thoughts away,
That I had almoſt quite forgot my ſelfe,
Helpe me deare ſiſter to conuey from hence,
The ſpectacle of inhumanitie.
Rach. Whether would you conuey this lumpe of duſt,
Vntimely murthred by your luckleſſe hand.
Mer. To the lowe roome, where we will couer it,
With Fagots, tell the euening doe approche:
In the meane time I will bethinke my ſelfe,
How I may beſt conuey it foorth of doores,
For if we keepe it longer in the houſe,
The ſauour will be felt throughout the ſtreete,
Which will betray vs to deſtruction.
Oh what a horror brings this beaſtlineſſe,
This chiefe of ſinnes, this ſelfe accuſing crime
Of murther: now I ſhame to know my ſelfe,
That am eſtrang'd ſo much from that I was,
True, harmleſſe, honeſt, full of curteſie,
Now falſe, deceitfull, full of iniurie:
Hould thou his heeles, ile beare his wounded head,
Would he did liue, ſo I my ſelfe were dead.
Bring downe the body, and couer it ouer with Faggots, himſelfe.
Rach. Thoſe little ſtickes, do hide the murthred courſe,
But ſtickes, nor ought beſides, can hide the ſinne:
He ſits on high, whoſe quick all ſeeing eye,
Cannot be blinded by mans ſubtilties.
Mer. Looke euery where, can you diſcerne him now?
Rach. Not with mine eye, but with my heart I can.
Mer. That is becauſe thou knoweſt I laide him there,
To guiltineſſe each thought begetteth feare:
But go my true, though wofull comforter,
Wipe vp the blood in euery place aboue,

So

So that no drop be found about the houſe,
I know all houſes will be ſearcht anon:
Then burne the clothes, with which you wipe the ground
That no apparant ſigne of blood be found.
Rach. I will, I will, oh would to God I could
As cleerely waſh your conſcience from the deed,
As I can cleanſe the houſe from leaſt ſuſpect,
Of murthrous deed, and beaſtly crueltie.
Mer. Ceaſe to wiſh vainely, let vs ſeeke to ſaue,
Our names, our fames, our liues, and all we haue. *Exeunt.*

Enter three or foure neighbours together

1. Neigh. Neighbours, tis bruted all about the towne,
That *Robert Beech* a honeſt Chaundelor,
Had his man deadly wounded yeſter night,
At twelue a clock, when all men were a ſleepe.
2. Where was his maiſter, when the deed was done.
3. No man can tell, for he is miſſing to,
Some men ſuſpect that he hath done the fact,
And that for feare the man is fled away,
Others, that knew his honeſt harmleſſe life,
Feare that himſelfe is likewiſe made away.
4. Then let commaundement euery where be giuen,
That ſinkes and gutters, priuies, creuiſes,
And euery place, where blood may be conceal'd,
Be throughly ſearcht, ſwept, waſht, and neerely ſought,
To ſee if we can finde the murther out:
And leaſt that *Beech* be throwne into the *Thames*,
Let charge be giuen vnto the Watermen,
That if they ſee the body of a man,
Floting in any place about the *Thames*,
That ſtraight they bring it vnto *Lambert hill*,
Where *Beech* did dwell when he did liue in health.
1. Neigh. Ile ſee this charge performd immediatly.
4. Now let vs go to Maiſter *Beeches* ſhop, *Exit.*
To ſee if that the boy can giue vs light,
Of thoſe ſuſpitions which this cauſe doth yeeld.

2. This is the houſe call maiſter *Loney* forth,
3. Hoe maiſter *Loney*, doth the boy yet liue, *Ent. Loney*
Or can he vtter who hath done him wrong.
Lo. He is not dead but hath a dying life,
For neither ſpeech, nor any ſence at all,
Abideth in the poore vnhappie youth.
4. Here you of anie where his maiſter is.
Lo. No would we could, we all that knew his life,
Suſpect him not for any ſuch offence.
4. Bring forth the boy, that we may ſee his wounds.
Brings him forth in a chaire, with a hammer ſticking in his head.
What ſay the Surgions to the yongmans woundes,
Lo. They giue him ouer, ſaying euerie wound
Of ſixe, whereof ther's ſeauen in his head,
Are mortall woundes and all incurable.
They ſurney his woundes.

Enter Merrie, *and* Williams.

Mer. How now good *Harry*, haſt thou hid my fault?
The boy that knew I train'd his maiſter forth:
Lies ſpeechleſſe, and euen at the point of death,
If you proue true, I hope to ſcape the brunt,
Will. Whie feare not me, I haue conceal'd it yet,
And will conceale it, haue no doubt of me.
Mer. Thankes gentle *Harry*, thou ſhalt neuer lacke,
But thou and I will liue as faithfull friendes,
And what I haue, ſhalbe thine owne to vſe:
There is ſome monie for to ſpend to day,
I know you meane to goe and ſee the faire.
Wil. I faine would go, but that I want a cloake.
Mer. Thou ſhalt not want a cloake, or ought beſide,
So thou wilt promiſe to be ſecret: *Giue him his cloake.*
Here take my cloake, ile weare my beſt my ſelfe,
But where did you lie this laſt night?
Wil. At the three Cranes, in a Carmans hay-loft,
But ile haue better lodging ſoone at night,

Mer.

Mer. Thou wilt be secret, I will go and see, *Exit Willi.*
What stir they keepe about *Beeches* shop,
Because I would auoyde suspition. *Goto them.*
God saue you gentlemen, is this the boy
That is reported to be murthered?

4. He is not dead outright, but pleasd it God,
Twere better he had left this wicked world,
Then to liue thus in this extremitie.

Mer. A cruell hand no doubt that did the deede,
Whie pull you not the hammer from his head.

4. That must not be before the youth be dead,
Because the crowner and his quest may see,
The manner how he did receiue his death:
Beare hence the bodie, and endeuor all,
To finde them out that did the villanie.

Exeunt omnes: manet Merrie.

Mer. Do what you can, cast all your wits about,
Rake kennells, gutters, seeke in euerie place,
Yet I will ouergoe your cunning heads,
If *Williams* and my sister hold their tongues:
My neighbours holdes not me in least suspect,
Weighing of my former conuersation:
Were *Beeches* boy well conueid awaie,
Ide hope to ouerblow this stormie day. *Exit.*

Enter Falleria, Softrata, Allenso, Pertillo: *and two Murtherers booted.*

Fall. Now little cooze, you are content to goe
From me your vnckle and your louing Aunt,
Your faithfull cozen and your dearest friendes:
And all to come to be a skilfull man,
In learned artes and happie sciences.

Per. I am content, because it pleaseth you,
My father bid I should obey your will,
And yeelde my selfe to your discretion;
Besides my cozen gaue me yestermight,
A prettie Nag to ride to *Padua*,

Of all my friends *Allenso* loues me beſt.
Fall. I thinke thou art inſpir'd with propheſie, *To the*
He loues thee better then I would he did: *people.*
Why wherefore thinke you ſo my pretie Nephew?
Per. Becauſe he taught me how to ſay my prayers,
To ride a horſe, to ſtart the fearefull Hare,
He gaue this dagger to me yeſter night,
This little Ring, and many pretie things:
For which, kinde cooze, I reſt your true debtor,
And one day I will make you recompence.
Fall. I, with thy lands and goods thou leau'ſt behinde.
Alen. Pray father let me go along with him:
Now by the ſauiour of my ſinfull ſoule, *To the people.*
I do not like thoſe fellowes countenance.
Fall. Sonne be content, weele go a ſeauenight hence,
And ſee him in his vniuerſitie weedes:
Theſe will conduct him ſafely to the place,
Be well aſſured they'l haue a care of him,
That you ſhall neuer ſee *Pertillo* more. *To the people.*
Allen. Father, I pray you to withdraw your ſelfe,
Ide haue a word or two in ſecreſie. *They ſpeake together.*
Soft. Come liuing image of thy dead mother,
And take my louing farewell, ere we part,
I loue thee dearly for thy fathers ſake,
But for thy mothers, doate with iealouſie,
Oh I do feare, before I ſee thy face,
Or thou, or I, ſhall taſte of bitterneſſe:
Kiſſe me ſweete boy, and kiſſing folde thine Aunte,
Within the circle of thy little armes,
I neede not feare, death cannot offer wrong,
The maieſtie of thy preſaging face,
Would vanquiſh him though nere ſo terrible,
The angrie Lioneſſe that is bereau'd,
Of her imperious crew of forreſt kings,
Would leaue her furie and defend thee ſafe,
From Wolues, from Panthers, Leopards, and ſhee Beares,
That liue by rapine, ſtealth, and crueltie,

There-

Therefore to God I do commend thy ſtate,
Who will be ſure to guarde thee tenderly.
And now to you, that carry hence this wealth,
This precious iewell, this vnprized good,
Haue a regarde to vſe him carefully,
When he is parted from that ſerious care,
Which was imployde for his ſecuritie:
I vrge it not, that I miſdoubt your truth,
I hope his Vnckle doth perſwade himſelfe,
You will be courteous, kinde and affable,
Ther's ſome rewarde for hoped carefulneſſe.

Allen. Now by my ſoule I do ſuſpect the men,
Eſpecially the lower of the two:
See what a hollow diſcontented looke
He caſts, which brings apparant cauſe of feare,
The other, though he ſeeme more courteous,
Yet dooth his lookes preſadge this thought in me,
As if he ſcorn'd to thinke on courteſie.

Fall. Vpon my life, my ſonne you are to blame,
The gentlemen are honeſt, vertuous,
And will protect *Pertillo* happily:
Theſe thoughts proceed out of aboundant loue,
Becauſe you grieue to leaue his company:
If ought betide him otherwiſe then well,
Let God require due vengaunce on my head,
And cut my hopes from all proſperitie.

Allen. A heauie ſentence, full of wondrous feare,
I cannot chooſe but credit ſuch a vowe,
Come hether then, my ioy, my chiefeſt hopes.
My ſecond ſelfe, my earthly happineſſe,
Lend me thy little prety cherry lip,
To kiſſe me cozen, lay thy little hand
Vpon my cheeke, and hug me tenderly,
Would the cleere rayes of thy two glorious ſunnes,
Could penetrate the corners of my heart,
That thou might ſee, how much I tender thee.
My friends beholde within this little bulke,

Two perfect bodyes are incorporate,
His life holdes mine, his heart conteines my hart,
His euery lim, containes my euery part:
Without his being, I can neuer be,
He being dead, prepare to burie me.
Oh thou immortall mouer of the ſpheares,
Within their circled reuoluſions,
Whoſe glorious image this ſmall orphant beares,
Wrought by thy all ſufficient Maieſtie,
Oh neuer ſuffer any wicked hand,
To harme this heauenly workmanſhip of thine,
But let him liue, great God to honour thee,
With vertuous life, and ſpotleſſe pietie.

Per. Ceaſe my kinde cooze, I cannot chooſe but weepe,
To ſee your care of my ſecuritie.

Allen. Knewſt thou my reaſon, that perſwades my hart,
Thou wouldſt not wonder, why I grieue to part:
But yet I would ſuſpect my fathers vowe,
Did any other make it by your leaue.

Fall. What haue you done, this lothneſſe to depart,
Seemes you were trained vp in tediouſneſſe,
That know not when and where to make an end:
Take him my friends, I know you will diſcharge,
The hope and truſt that I repoſe in you.

Both. Aſſure your ſelfe in euery circumſtance.

Fall. Then to your horſes, quicklie, ſpeedily,
Elſe we ſhall put our fingers in the eye,
And weepe for kindneſſe till to morrow morne.

Per, Farewell good Vnckle, Aunt, and louing cooze.

Soſtratus *kiſſeth the boy weeping.*

Allen, Farewell, I feare me euerlaſtinglie.

Exeunt Soſtratus *and* Allenſo.

One of the murtherers takes Falleria *by the ſleeue.*

1. mu. You meane not now to haue him murthered?

Fall. Not murthered, what elſe? kill him I ſay,
But wherefore makeſt thou queſtion of my will?

Mur.

Mur. Becauſe you wiſht that God ſhould be reueng'd
If any ill betide the innocent.
Fall. Oh that was nothing but to blind the eyes,
Of my fond ſonne, which loues him too too well.
Mur. It is enough, it ſhall be ſurely done. *Exeunt om.*

Enter Merry *and* Rachel *with a bag.*

Mer. What haſt thou ſped? haue you bought the bag?
Rach. I brother, here it is, what is't to do?
Mer. To beare hence *Beeches* body in the night.
Rach. You cannot beare ſo great a waight your ſelfe,
And 'tis no truſting of another man.
Mer. Yes well enough, as I will order it,
Ile cut him peece-meale, firſt his head and legs
Will be one burthen, then the mangled reſt,
Will be another, which I will tranſport,
Beyond the water in a Ferry boate,
And throw it into *Paris-garden* ditch.
Fetch me the chopping-knife, and in the meane
Ile moue the Fagots that do couer him.

Remoues the Fagots.

Rach. Oh can you finde in hart to cut and carue,
His ſtone colde fleſh, and rob the greedy graue,
Of his diſſeuered blood beſprinckled lims?
Mer. I mary can I fetch the chopping knife.
Rach. This deed is worſe, thē whē you tooke his life. *Exit*
Mer. But worſe, or better, now it muſt be ſo,
Better do thus, then feele a greater woe.
Ent. Rach. Here is the knife, I cannot ſtay to ſee,
This barbarous deed of inhumanitie. *Exit Rachel.*

Merry *begins to cut the body, and bindes the armes behinde his backe with* Beeches *garters, leaues out the body, couers the head and legs againe.*

Enter Truth.

Yee glorious beames of that bright-ſhining lampe,
That lights the ſtarre beſpangled firmament,

And dimnes the glimmering ſhadowes of the night,
Why dooſt thou lend aſſiſtance to this wretch,
To ſhamble forth with bolde audacitie,
His lims, that beares thy makers ſemblance.
All you the ſad ſpectators of this Acte,
Whoſe harts do taſte a feeling penſiueneſſe,
Of this vnheard of ſauadge Maſſacre:
Oh be farre of, to harbour ſuch a thought,
As this audacious murtherer put in vre,
I ſee your ſorrowes flowe vp to the brim,
And ouerflowe your cheekes with briniſh teares,
But though this ſight bring ſurfet to the eye,
Delight your eares with pleaſing harmonie,
That eares may counterchecke your eyes, and ſay,
Why ſhed you teares, this deede is but a playe:
His worke is done, he ſeekes to hide his ſinne,
Ile waile his woe, before his woe begin. *Exit* Trueth.

Mer. Now will I high me to the water ſide,
And fling this heauie burthen in a ditche,
Whereof my ſoule doth feele ſo great a waight,
That it doth almoſt preſſe me downe with feare,
Enter Rachell.
Harke *Rachel*: I will croſſe the water ſtraight,
And fling this middle mention of a man,
Into ſome ditch, then high me home againe,
To rid my houſe of that is left behinde.

Rach. Where haue you laide the legs & battered head?

Mer. Vnder the fagots, where it lay before,
Helpe me to put this trunke into the bag.

Rach. My heart will not endure to handle it,
The ſight hereof doth make me quake for feare.

Mer. Ile do't my ſelfe, onely drie vp the blood,
And burne the clothes as you haue done before. *Exit.*

Rach. I feare thy ſoule will burue in flames of hell,
Vnleſſe repentance waſh away thy ſinne,
With clenſing teares of true contrition:
Ah did not nature ouerſway my will,

The

The world ſhould know this plot of damned ill. *Exit*

Enter two Murtherers with Pertillo.

Per. I am ſo wearie in this combrous wood,
That I muſt needes go ſit me downe and reſt.

1. Mur. What were we beſt to kill him vnawares,
Or giue him notice what we doe intend?

2. Mur. Whie then belike you meane to do your charge
And feele no taſt of pittie in your hart.

1. Mur Of pittie man, that neuer enters heere,
And if it ſhould, Ide threat my crauen hart,
To ſtab it home, for harbouring ſuch a thought,
I ſee no reaſon whie I ſhould relent:
It is a charitable vertuous deede,
To end this princkocke from this ſinfull world.

2. Mur. Such charitie will neuer haue reward,
Vnleſſe it be with ſting of conſcience:
And that's a torment worſe then *Siſiphus*;
That rowles a reſtleſſe ſtone againſt the hill.

1. Mur. My conſcience is not prickt with ſuch conceit.

2. Mur. That ſhews thee further off from hoped grace.

1. Mur. Grace me no graces, I reſpect no grace,
But with a grace, to giue a graceleſſe ſtab,
To chop folkes legges and armes off by the ſtumpes,
To ſee what ſhift theile make to ſcramble home:
Pick out mens eyes, and tell them thats the ſport,
Of hood-man-blinde, without all ſportiueneſſe,
If with a grace I can performe ſuch prancks,
My hart will giue mine agents many thankes.

2. Mur. Then God forbid I ſhould conſort my ſelfe,
With one ſo far from grace and pietie.
Leaſt being found within thy companie,
I ſhould be partner of thy puniſhment.

1. Mur. When wee haue done what we haue vow'd to do,
My hart deſires to haue no fellowſhip,
With thoſe that talke of grace or godlineſſe:
I nam'd not God vnleaſt twere with an othe,
Sence the firſt houre that I could walke alone,

(And you that make ſo much of conſcience,
By heauen thou art a damned hipocrite:
For thou haſt vow'd to kill that ſleeping boy,
And all to gaine two hundreth markes in gold,
I know this pureneſſe comes of pure deceit,
To draw me from the murthering of the child,
That you alone might haue the benefit,
You are too ſhallow, if you gull me ſo,
Chop of my head to make a Sowſing-tub,
And fill it full of tripes and chitterlinges.

2. Mur. That thou ſhalt ſee my hart is far from fraud,
Or vaine illuſion in this enterprize,
Which doth import the ſafetie of our ſoules,
There take my earneſt of impietie. *Giue him his mony.*
Onely forbeare to lay thy ruder handes,
Vpon the poore miſtruſtleſſe tender child,
As for our vowes, feare not their violence,
God will forgiue on hartie penitence.

1. Mur. Thou Eunuch, Capon, daſtard, faſt and looſe,
Thou weathercocke of mutabilitie,
White liuered Paiſant, wilt thou vowe and ſweare,
Face and make ſemblance with thy bagpipe othes,
Of that thou neuer meanſt to execute?
Pure cowardice for feare to crack thy neeke,
With the huge *Caos* of thy bodies waight,
Hath ſure begot this true contrition,
Then faſt and pray, and ſee if thou canſt winne,
A goodlie pardon for thy hainous ſinne,
As for the boy, this fatall inſtrument,
Was mark'd by heauen to cut his line of life,
And muſt ſupplie the knife of *Atropos*,
And if it doe not, let this maiſter peece,
(Which nature lent the world to wonder at)
Be ſlit in *Carbonadoes* for the iawes,
Of ſome men-eating hungrie *Canniball*:
By heauen ile kill him onely for this cauſe,
For that he came of vertuous Auncеſtors,

2.mu. But by that God, which made that wondrous globe,
Wherein is ſeene his powerfull dietie,
Thou ſhalt not kill him maugre all thy ſpight:
Sweare, and forſweare thy ſelfe ten thouſand times,
Awake *Pertullo*, for thou art betrai'd,
This bloody ſlaue intends to murther thee. *Draw both.*
1.mur. Both him, and all, that dare to reſcue him.
Per. Wherefore? becauſe I ſlept without your leaue?
Forgiue my fault, Ile neuer ſleepe againe.
2.mur. No child, thy wicked Vnckle hath ſuborn'd,
Both him and me to take thy life away:
Which I would ſaue, but that this hellhſh impe,
Will not conſent to ſpare thy guiltleſſe blood.
Per. Why ſhould *Falleria* ſeeke to haue my life.
2.mur. The lands and goods, thy father left his ſonne,
Do hale thee on to thy deſtruction.
Per. Oh needy treaſure, harme begetting good,
That ſafely ſhould procure the loſſe of blood.
2.mu. Thoſe lands and goods, thy father got with paine,
Are ſwords wherewith his little ſonne is ſlaine.
1.mu. Then let our ſwords let out his guiltleſſe life.
Per. Sweete, ſowre, kinde, cruell, holde thy murthering knife,
And here me ſpeake, before you murther me.
2.mu. Feare not ſweet child, he ſhall not murther thee.
1.mu. No, but my ſword ſhall let his puddings foorth.
Per. Firſt here me ſpeake, thou map of Butcherie,
Tis but my goods and lands my Vnckle ſeekes,
Hauing that ſafely, he deſires no more,
I do proteſt by my dead parents ſoules,
By the deare loue of falſe *Fallerios* ſonne,
Whoſe heart, my heart aſſures me, will be grieu'd,
To heare his fathers inhumanitie:
I will forſake my countrie, goods, and lands,
I and my ſelfe, will euen change my ſelfe,
In name, in life, in habit, and in all,
And liue in ſome farre moued continent,
So you will ſpare my weake and tender youth,

Which

Which cannot entertaine the ſtroake of death,
In budding yeares, and verie ſpring of life.
1. Mur. Leaue of theſe bootleſſe proteſtations,
And vſe no ruth entiſing argumentes,
For if you doe, ile lop you lim by lim,
And torture you for childiſh eloquence.
2. Mur. Thou ſhalt not make his little finger ake.
1. Mur. Yes euery part, and this ſhall prooue it true.
Runnes Pertillo *in with his ſworde.*
Per. Oh I am ſlaine, the Lord forgiue thy fact,
And giue thee grace to dye with penitence. *Dyeth.*
2. Mur. A treacherous villaine, full of cowardiſe,
Ile make thee know that thou haſt done amiſſe.
1. m. Teach me that knowledge when you will or dare.
They fight and kill one another, the reluctor hauing ſome more life, and the other dyeth.
1. *mur.* Swoones I am peppered, I had need haue ſalt,
Or elſe to morrow I ſhall yeeld a ſtincke,
Worſe then a heape of durty excrements:
Now by this Hilt, this golde was earn'd too deare:
Ah, how now death, wilt thou be conquerour?
Then vengeance light on them that made me ſo,
And ther's another farewell ere I goe.
Stab the other murtherer againe.
2. mur. Enough, enough, I had my death before.
A hunt within.

Enter the Duke of Padua, Turqualo, Veſuvio, Alberto, *&c.*

Duke. How now my Lords, was't not a gallant courſe,
Beleeue me ſirs, I neuer ſaw a wretch,
Make better ſhift to ſaue her little life:
The thickets full of buskes and ſcratching bryers,
A mightie dewe, a many deepe mouth'd hounds,
Let looſe in euery place to croſſe their courſe,
And yet the Hare got cleanly from them all:
I would not for a hundred pound in faith,

But that ſhe had eſcaped with her life,
For we will winde a merry hunters horne,
And ſtart her once againe to morrow morne.
Tarq. In troth my Lord, the little flocked hound,
That had but three good legs to further him,
Twas formoſt ſtill, and ſurer of his ſent,
Then any one in all the crie beſides.
Veſu. But yet *Pendragon* gaue the Hare more turnes.
Alber. That was becauſe he was more politicke,
And eyed her cloſely in her couerts ſtill:
They all did well, and once more we will trie,
The ſubtile creature with a greater crie.

Enter Allenſo *booted.*

Duke. But ſay, what well accompliſhd Gentleman,
Is this that comes into our company?
Veſu. I know him well, it is *Falerios* ſonne,
Pandynos brother (a kinde Gentleman)
That dyed, and left his little pretty ſonne,
Vnto his fathers good direction.
Duke. Stand cloſe awhile, and ouer heare his wordes,
He ſeemes much ouer-gone with paſſion.
Alen. Yee timorous thoughts that guide my giddy ſteps,
In vnknowne pathes of dreadfull wilderneſſe,
Why traitor-like do you conſpire to holde,
My pained heart, twixt feare and iealouſie,
My too much care hath brought me careleſſly,
Into this woody ſauadge labyrinth,
And I can finde no waye to iſſue out,
Feare hath ſo dazeled all my better part,
That reaſon hath forgot diſcreations art:
But in good time, ſee where is company.
Kinde Gentlemen, if you vnlike my ſelfe,
Are not incumbred with the circling wayes,
Of this erronious winding wilderneſſe,
I pray you to direct me foorth this wood,
And ſhew the pathe that leades to *Padua.*
Duke. We all are *Paduans*, and we all intend,

To paſſe forthwith, with ſpeed to *Padua.*]

Allen. I will attend vpon you preſently. *See the bodyes.*

Duke. Come then away, but gentlemen beholde,
A bloody ſight, and murtherous ſpectacle.

2. Mur. Oh God forgiue me all my wickedneſſe,
And take me to eternall happineſſe.

Duke. Harke one of them hath ſome ſmall ſparke of life,
To kindle knowledge of their ſad miſhaps.

Alen. Ah gratious Lord, I know this wretched child,
And theſe two men that here lye murthered.

Veſu. Do you *Alenſo*? *Allen.* I my gracious Lord:
It was *Perſillo* my dead Vnckles ſonne:
Now haue my feares brought forth this fearefull childe,
Of endleſſe care, and euerlaſting griefe.

Duke. Lay hands vpon *Alenſo* Gentlemen,
Your preſence doth confirme you had a ſhare,
In the performance of this crueltie.

Alen. I do confeſſe I haue ſo great a ſhare,
In this miſhap, that I will giue him thankes,
That will let foorth my ſorrow wounded ſoule,
From out this goale of lamentation.

Duke. Tis now too late to wiſh for had'wiſt,
Had you withheld your hand from this attempt,
Sorrow had neuer ſo impriſoned you.

Allen. Oh my good Lord, you do miſtake my caſe,
And yet my griefe is ſuch infallible,
The Lord of heauen can witneſſe with my ſoule,
That I am guiltleſſe of your wrong ſuſpect,
But yet not griefeleſſe that the deed is done.

Duke. Nay if you ſtand to iuſtifie your ſelfe,
This Gentleman whoſe life dooth ſeeme to ſtay,
Within his body tell he tell your ſhame,
Shall teſtifie of your integritie:
Speake then thou ſad Anatomy of death,
Who were the agents of your wofulneſſe.

2. Mur. O be not blinded with a falſe ſurmiſe,
For leaſt my tongue ſhould faile to end the tale.

Of

Of our vntimely fate appointed death:
Know young *Allenſo* is as innocent,
As is *Fallerio* guiltie of the crime.
He, he it was, that with foure hundreth markes,
Whereof two hundred he paide preſently,
Did hire this damn'd villaine and my ſelfe,
To maſſacre this harmeleſſe innocent:
But yet my conſcience toucht with ſome remorſe,
Would faine haue ſau'd the young *Pertilos* life,
But he remorſeleſſe would not let him liue,
But vnawares thruſt in his harmleſſe breſt,
That life bereauing fatall inſtrument:
Which cruell deede I ſeeking to reuenge,
Haue loſt my life, and paid the ſlaue his due
Reward, for ſpilling blood of Innocents:
Surpriſe *Fallerio* author of this ill,
Saue young *Allenſo*, he is guiltleſſe ſtill. *Dyeth.*

Allen. Oh ſweeteſt honie mixt with bitter gall,
Oh Nightingale combinde with Rauens notes,
Thy ſpeech is like a woodward that ſhould ſay,
Let the tree liue, but take the roote away.
As though my life were ought but miſerie,
Hauing my father ſlaine for infamie.

Duke. What ſhould incite *Fallerio* to deuiſe,
The ouerthrowe of this vnhappie boy.

Veſu. That may be eaſily gueſt my gracious Lord,
To be the lands *Pandino* left his ſonne,
Which after that the boy were murthered,
Diſcend to him by due inheritance.

Duke. You deeme aright, ſee gentlemen the fruites,
Of coueting to haue anothers right,
Oh wicked thought of greedie couetice,
Could neither nature, feare of puniſhment,
Scandall to wife and children, nor the feare,
Of Gods confounding ſtrict ſeuentie,
Allay the head-ſtrong furie of thy will,
Beware my friends to wiſh vnlawfull gaine,

It will beget ſtrange actions full of feare,
And ouerthrowe the actor vnawares,
For firſt *Fallerios* life muſt ſatiſfie,
The large effuſion of their guiltleſſe bloods,
Traind on by him to theſe extremities,
Next, wife and children muſt be diſpoſeſt,
Of lands and goods, and turnde to beggerie,
But moſt of all, his great and hainous ſinne,
Will be an eye ſore to his guiltleſſe kinne.
Beare hence away theſe models of his ſhame,
And let vs proſecute the murtherer,
With all the care and dilligence we can.

Two muſt be carrying away Pertillo.

Allen. Forbeare a while, to beare away my ioy,
Which now is vaniſht, ſince his life is fled,
And giue me leaue to waſh his deadly wound,
With hartie teares, out-flowing from thoſe eyes,
Which lou'd his ſight, more then the ſight of heauens
Forgiue me God for this idolatrie.
Thou vgly monſter, grim imperious death,
Thou raw-bonde lumpe of foule deformitie.
Reguardleſſe inſtrument of cruell fate,
Vnparciall Sergeant, full of treacherie,
Why didſt thou flatter my ill boding thoughts,
And fleſh my hopes with vaine illuſions:
Why didſt thou ſay, *Pertillo* ſhould not dye,
And yet, oh yet, haſt done it cruelly:
Oh but beholde, with what a ſmiling cheere,
He intertain'd thy bloody harbinger:
See thou tranſformer of a heauenly face,
To Aſhie paleneſſe and vnpleaſing lookes,
That his faire countenance ſtill reteineth grace,
Of perfect beauty in the very graue,
The world would ſay ſuch beauty ſhould not dye,
Yet like a theefe thou didſt it cruelly:
Ah, had thy eyes deepe ſunke into thy head,
Beene able to perceiue his vertuous minde,

Where

Where vertue ſate inthroned in a chaire,
With awfull grace, and pleaſing maieſtie:
Thou wouldeſt not then haue let *Pertillo* die,
Nor like a theefe haue ſlaine him cruellie.
Ineuitable fates, could you deuiſe,
No meanes to bring me to this pilgrimage,
Full of great woes and ſad calamities,
But that the father ſhould be principall,
To plot the preſent downfall of the ſonne:
Come then kinde death and giue me leaue to die,
Since thou haſt ſlaine *Pertillo* cruellie.

Du. Forbeare *Allenſo* harken to my doome,
Which doth concerne thy fathers apprehenſion,
Firſt we enioyne thee vpon paine of death,
To giue no ſuccour to thy wicked ſire,
But let him periſh in his damned ſinne,
And pay the price of ſuch a trecherie:
See that with ſpeede the monſter be attach'd,
And bring him ſafe to ſuffer puniſhment,
Preuent it not, nor ſeeke not to delude,
The officers to whom this charge is giuen,
For if thou doe, as ſure as God doth liue:
Thy ſelfe ſhall ſatiſfie the lawes contempt,
Therefore forward about this puniſhment.

Exeunt omnes manet Allenſo.

Al. Thankes gratious God that thou haſt left the meanes
To end my ſoule from this perplexitie,
Nor ſuccour him on paine of preſent death:
That is no paine, death is a welcome gueſt,
To thoſe whoſe harts are ouerwhelm'd with griefe,
My woes are done, I hauing leaue to die,
And after death liue euer ioyfullie. *Exit.*

Enter Murther and Couetouſneſſe.

Mur. Now *Auarice* I haue well ſatiffied,
My hungry thoughtes with blood and crueltie:
Now all my melancholie diſcontent,

Is ſhaken of, and I am throughlie pleaſd,
With what thy pollicie hath brought to paſſe,
Yet am I not ſo throughlie ſatiſfied:
Vntill I bring the purple actors forth,
And cauſe them quaffe a bowle of bitterneſſe,
That father, ſonne, and ſiſter brother may,
Bring to their deathes with moſt aſſur'd decay.
Ana. That wilbe done without all queſtion,
For thou haſt ſlaine *Allenſo* with the boy:
And *Rachell* doth not wiſh to ouerliue,
The ſad remembrance of her brothers ſinne,
Leaue faithfull loue, to teach them how to dye,
That they may ſhare their kinſfolkes miſerie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Merrie *and* Rachell *vncouering the head and legges.*

Mer. I haue beſtow'd a watrie funerall,
On the halfe bodie of my butchered friend,
The head and legges Ile leaue in ſome darke place,
I care not if they finde them yea or no.
Ra. Where do you meane to leaue the head and legs,
Mer. In ſome darke place nere to Bainardes caſtle,
Ra. But doe it cloſelie that you be not ſeene,
For all this while you are without ſuſpect.
Mer. Take you no thought, ile haue a care of that,
Onelie take heede you haue a ſpeciall care,
To make no ſhew of any diſcontent,
Nor vſe too many words to any one.
Puts on his cloake taketh vp the bag.
I will returne when I haue left my loade,
Be merrie *Rachell* halfe the feare is paſt.
Ra. But I ſhall neuer thinke my ſelfe ſecure, *Exit.*
This deede would trouble any quiet ſoule,
To thinke thereof, much more to ſee it done,
Such cruell deedes can neuer long be hid,
Although we practice nere ſo cunningly,

Let

Let others open what I doe conceale,
Lo he is my brother, I will couer it,
And rather dye then haue it ſpoken riſe,
Lo where ſhe goes, betrai'd her brothers life. *Exit.*

Enter Williams *and* Cowley.

Co. Why how now *Harry* what ſhould be the cauſe,
That you are growne ſo diſcontent of late:
Your ſighes do ſhew ſome inward heauineſſe,
Your heauy lookes, your eyes brimfull of teares,
Beares teſtimonie of ſome ſecret griefe,
Reueale it *Harry*, I will be thy friend,
And helpe thee to my poore habillity.

Wil. If I am heauie, if I often ſigh,
And if my eyes beare recordes of my woe,
Condemne me not, for I haue mightie cauſe,
More then I will impart to any one.

Co. Do you miſdoubt me, that you dare not tell
That woe to me, that moues your diſcontent.

Wil. Good maiſter *Cowley* you were euer kinde,
But pardon me, I will not vtter it,
To any one, for I haue paſt my worde,
And therefore vrge me not to tell my griefe.

Cow. But thoſe that ſmother griefe too ſecretly,
May waſt themſelues in ſilent anguiſhment,
And bring their bodies to ſo low an ebbe,
That all the world can neuer make is flowe,
Vnto the happy hight of former health:
Then be not iniurious to thy ſelfe,
To waſt thy ſtrength in lamentation,
But tell thy caſe, wele ſeeke ſome remedie.

Wil. My cauſe of griefe is now remedileſſe,
And all the world can neuer leſſen it,
Then ſince no meanes can make my ſorrowes leſſe,
Suffer me waile a woe which wants redreſſe.

Cow. Yet let me beare a part in thy lamentes,
I loue thee not ſo ill, but I will mone,

Thy heauie haps, thou ſhalt not ſigh alone.
Wil. Nay, if you are ſo curious to intrude,
Your ſelfe to ſorrow, where you haue no ſhare,
I will frequent ſome vnfrequented place,
Where none ſhall here nor ſee my lamentations.
Cow. And I will follow where ſoeuer thou goe, *Exit.*
I will be partner of thy helpleſſe woe. *Exit.*

Enter two Watermen.

1. *Will* iſt not time we ſhould go to our boates,
And giue attendance for this Bartlemew tide:
Folkes will be ſtirring early in the morning.
2. By my troth I am indifferent whether I go or no.
If a fare come why ſo, if not, why ſo, if I haue not their money, they ſhall haue none of my labour.
1. But we that liue by our labours, muſt giue attendance,
But where lyes thy Boate?
2. At Baynards caſtle ſtaires.
1. So do's mine, then lets go together.
2. Come, I am indifferent, I care not ſo much for going,
But if I go with you, why ſo: if not, why ſo.
He falles ouer the bag.
Sblood what raſcall hath laide this in my way?
1. A was not very indifferent that did ſo, but you are ſo permentorie, to ſay, why ſo, and why ſo, that euery one is glad to do you iniurie, but lets ſee, what is it?
Taking the Sack by the end, one of the legs and head drops out.
Good Lord deliuer vs, a mans legges, and a head with manie wounds.
2. Whats that ſo much, I am indifferent, yet for mine owne part, I vnderſtand the miſerie of it, if you doe, why ſo, if not, why ſo.
1. By my troth I vnderſtand no other miſtery but this,
It is a ſtrange and very rufull ſight,
But prethee what dooſt thou conceit of it.
2 In troth I am indifferent, for if I tell you, why ſo, if not why

why so.

1. If thou tell me, Ile thanke thee, therefore I prithee tell me.

2. I tell you I am indifferent, but to be plaine with you, I am greeued to ſtumble at the hangmans budget.

1. At the hangmans budget, why this is a ſack.

2. And to ſpeake indifferently, it is the hang-mans Budget, and becauſe he thought too much of his labour to ſet this head vpon the bridge, and the legs vpon the gates, he flings them in the ſtreete for men to ſtumble at, but if I get him in my boate, Ile ſo belabour him in a ſtretcher, that he had better be ſtretcht in one of his owne halfepeny halters: if this be a good conceit, why ſo, if not, why ſo.

1. Thou art deceiu'd, this head hath many wounds,
And hoaſe and ſhooes remaining on the legs,
Bull alwayes ſtrips all quartered traitors quite.

2. I am indifferent whether you beleeue me or no, theſe were not worth taking off, and therfore he left them on, if this be likely why ſo, if not, why ſo.

1. Nay then I ſee you growe from worſe to worſe,
I heard laſt night, that one neere Lambert hill
Was miſſing, and his boye was murthered,
It may be this is a part of that ſame man:
What ere it be, Ile beare it to that place.

2. Maſſe I am indifferent, Ile go along with you,
If it be ſo, why ſo, if not why ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter three neighbors knocking at Loneys *doore:* Loney *comes.*

1. Hoe maiſter *Loney*, here you any newes,
What is become of your Tennant *Beech*?

Lon. No truely ſir, not any newes at all.

2. What hath the boy recouered any ſpeach,
To giue vs light of theſe ſuggeſtions,
That do ariſe vpon this accident.

Lon. There is no hope he ſhould recouer ſpeech,
The wiues do ſay, he's ready now to leaue

This greeuous world full fraught with treacherie,
3. Me thinkes if *Beech* himſelfe be innocent,
That then the murtherer ſhould not dwell farre off,
The hammer that is ſticking in his head,
Was borrowed of a Cutler dwelling by,
But he remembers not, who borrowed it:
He is committed that did owe the hammer,
But yet hē ſtandes vppon his innocence,
And *Beeches* abſence cauſeth great ſuſpition.
Lo. If *Beech* be faulty, as I do not thinke,
I neuer was ſo much deceiu'd before,
Oh had you knowne his conuerſation,
You would not haue him in ſuſpition.
3. Diuels ſeeme Saints, and in this hate full times,
Deceite can beare apparraunt ſignes of trueth,
And vice beare ſhew of vertues excellence.

Enter the two VVatermen.

1. I pray is this maiſter *Beeches* houſe?
Lo. My friend this ſame was maiſter *Beeches* ſhop,
We cannot tell whether he liue or no,
1. Know you his head and if I ſhew it you,
Or can you tell what hoſe or ſhooes he ware,
At that ſame time when he forſooke the ſhoppe.
3. What haue you head, and hoſe, and ſhooes to ſhow,
And want the body that ſhould vſe the ſame.
1. Behold this head, theſe legges, theſe hoſe and ſhooes,
And ſee if they were *Beeches* yea or no.
Lo. They are the ſame, alas what is become,
Of the remainder of this wretched man.
1. *VVat.* Nay that I know not, onelie theſe we found,
As we were comming vp a narrow lane,
Neere Baynardes Caſtle, where we two did dwell,
And heering that a man was miſſing hence,
We thought it good to bring theſe to this place, (paines,
3. Thankes my good friendes, ther's ſome thing for your
2. *Wat.* We are indifferēt, whether you giue vs any thing
or nothing, and if you had not, why ſo, but ſince you haue,
why ſo. 1. *Wat.*

1. Wat. Leaue your repining sir we thanke you hartely.
3. Farewell good fellowes, neighbour now be bold,
Exeunt Watermen.
They dwell not farre that did this bloodie deed,
As God no boubt will at the last reueale:
Though they conceale it nere so cunninglie,
All houses, gutters, sincks and creuices,
Haue carefullie beene sought for, for the blood.
Yet theres no instaunce found in any place.
Enter a Porter and a gentleman.
But who is that, that brings a heauy loade,
Behinde him on a painefull porters backe.
Gen. Praie gentlemen which call you *Beeches* shoppe?
3. Neig. This is the place, what wold you with the man?
Gen. Nothing with him, I heare the man is dead,
And if he be not, I haue lost my paines.
Lo. Hees dead indeede, but yet we cannot finde,
What is become of halfe his hopelesse bodie,
His head and legges are found but for the rest,
No man can tell what is become of it.
Gen. Then I doe thinke I can resolue your doubt,
And bring you certaine tydings of the rest,
And if you know his doublet and his shirt:
As for the bodie it is so abusd.
That no man can take notice whoes it was,
Set downe this burthen of anothers shame,
What do you know the doublet and the shirt. *Ex. Porter.*
Lo. This is the doublet, these the seuered limmes,
Which late were ioyned to that mangled trunke:
Lay them together see if they can make,
Among them all a sound and solid man.
3. neigh. They all agree, but yet they cannot make,
That sound and whole, which a remorsles hand
Hath seuered with a knife of crueltie:
But say good sir, where did you finde this out?
Gent Walking betime by Paris-garden ditch,
Hauing my Water Spaniell by my side,

When we approach'd vnto that hapleſſe place,
Where this ſame trunke lay drowned in a ditch,
My Spaniell gan to ſent, to barke, to plunge,
Into the water, and came foorth againe,
And fawnd on me, as if a man ſhould ſay,
Helpe out a man that heere lyes murthered.
At firſt I tooke delight to ſee the dog,
Thinking in vaine ſome game did there lye hid,
Amongſt the Nettles growing neere the banke:
But when no game, nor any thing appear'd,
That might produce the Spaniell to this ſport,
I gan to rate and beate the harmleſſe Cur,
Thinking to make him leaue to follow me;
But words, nor blowes, could moouе the dog away,
But ſtill he plung'd, he diu'd, he barkt, he ran
Still to my ſide, as if it were for helpe:
I ſeeing this, did make the ditch be dragd,
Where then was found this body as you ſee,
With great amazement to the lookers on.

3. Beholde the mightie miracles of God,
That ſenceleſſe things ſhould propagate their ſinne,
That are more beaſtiall farre then beaſtlineſſe,
Of any creature moſt inſenſible.

2. neigh. Ceaſe we to wonder at Gods wondrous works,
And let vs labour for to bring to light,
Thoſe masked fiends that thus diſhonor him:
This ſack is new, and loe beholde his marke
Remaines vpon it, which did ſell the bag,
Amongſt the Salters we ſhall finde it out,
When, and to whom, this bloody bag was ſold.

3. Tis very likely, let no paines be ſpar'd,
To bring it out, if it be poſſible,
Twere pitty ſuch a murther ſhould remaine
Vnpuniſhed, mongſt Turkes and Infidels.

1. neigh. Sirs, I do know the man that ſolde this bag,
And if you pleaſe, Ile fetch him preſently.

Gent. With all our harts, how ſay you Gentlemen?

Per-

Perchance the murther thus may come to light.

3. I pray you do it, we will tarry heere: *Exit 1.neigh.*

And let the eyes of euery passenger

Be satisfied, which may example be,

How they commit so dreadfull wickednesse.

Ent.wom. And please your maisterships the boy is dead.

3.neigh. Tis very strange, that hauing many wounds,

So terrible, so ghastlie, which is more,

Hauing the hammer sticking in his head,

That he should liue and stirre from Friday night,

To Sunday morning, and euen then depart,

When that his Maisters mangled course were found,

Bring him foorth too, perchance the murtherers

May haue their hearts touched with due remorse,

Viewing their deeds of damned wickednesse.

Bring forth the boye and lay him by. Beech.

1.neigh. Here is the Salters man that solde the bag,

Gent. My friend, how long since did you sell that bag?

And vnto whom, if you remember it?

Sal. I sould the bag good sir but yesterday,

Vnto a maide, I do not know her name.

3.neigh. Nor where she dwels. *Sal.* No certeinly.

2.neigh. But what apparell had she on her back?

Sal. I do not well remember what she wore,

But if I saw her I should know her sure.

3.neigh. Go round about to euery neighbors house,

And will them shew their maides immediatly:

God graunt we may finde out the murtherers.

Go to one house, and knock at doore, asking,

Bring forth such maides as are within your house.

1.housekeeper. I haue but one, ile send her downe to you.

3.neigh. Is this the maide. *Come out maide.*

Sals. No sir, this is not she. *Go to another, &c.*

How many maides do dwell within this house?

2.house. Her's nere a woman here, except my wife.

Go to Merryes.

3.neigh. Whose house is this?

Lon. An honeſt ciuill mans, cald *Maiſter Merry*,
Who I dare be ſworne, would neuer do ſo great a murther
But you may aske heere to for faſhion ſake.

Rachel *ſits in the ſhop.*

3. How now faire maide, dweis any here but you?
Thou haſt too true a face for ſuch a deed.

Rach. No gentle ſir, my brother keepes no more.

3. neigh. This is not ſhe? *Sal.* No truly gentlemã. *Ex. R.*

3. This will not ſerue, we cannot finde her out,
Bring in thoſe bodyes, it growes towards night,
God bring theſe damn'd murtherers at length to light.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Merry *and* Rachel.

Mer. Why go the neighbours round about the ſtreete
To euery houſe? what haſt thou heard the cauſe?

Rach They go about with that ſame Salters man,
Of whom I bought the bag but yeſterday,
To ſee if he can know the maide againe
Which bought it, this I thinke the very cauſe.

Mer. How were my ſences ouercome with feare,
That I could not foreſee this ieopardy:
For had I brought the bag away with me,
They had not had this meanes to finde it out.
Hide thee aboue leaſt that the Salters man,
Take notice of thee that thou art the maide,
And by that knowledge we be all vndone.

Rach That feare is paſt, I ſawe, I ſpake with him,
Yet he denies that I did buy the bag:
Beſides, the neighbors haue no doubt of you,
Saying you are an honeſt harmeleſſe man,
And made enquirie heere for faſhion ſake.

Mer. My former life, deſerues their good conceits,
Were it not blemiſht with this treacherie.
My heart is merier then it was before,
For now I hope the greateſt feare is paſt,
The hammer is denyed, the bag vnknowne,
Now there is left no meanes to bring it out,

Vnleſſe

Vnleſſe our ſelues proone Traitors to our ſelues.
Rach. When ſaw you *Harry Williams?* *Mer.* Why to day
I met him comming home from *Powles* Croſſe,
Where he had beene to heare a Sermon.
Rach. Why brought you not the man along with you
To come to dinner, that we might perſwade
Him to continue in his ſecrecie.
Mer. I did intreate him, but he would not come,
But vow'd to be as ſecret as my ſelfe.
Rach. What, did he ſweare?
Mer. What needs you aske me that?
You know we neuer heard him ſweare an othe.
But ſince he hath conceal'd the thing thus long,
I hope in God he will conceale it ſtill.
Rach. Pray God he do, and then I haue no doubt,
But God will ouerpaſſe this greeuous ſinne,
If you lament with true vnfained teares,
And ſeeke to liue the remnant of your yeares,
In Gods true feare with vpright conſcience.
Mer. If it would pleaſe him pardon this amiſſe,
And rid my body from the open ſhame,
That doth attend this deed, being brought to light,
I would endeuour all my comming dayes,
To pleaſe my maker, and exalt his praiſe:
But it growes late, come bring me to my bed,
That I may reſt my ſorrow charged head.
Rach. Reſt ſtill in calme ſecure tranquillitie,
And ouer-blowe this ſtorme of nightie feare,
With pleaſant gales of hoped quietneſſe,
Go when you will, I will attend, and pray,
To ſend this wofull night a cheerefull day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falleria *and* Soſtrata
weeping.

Fall. Paſſe ore theſe rugged furrowes of laments,
And come to plainer paches of cheerefulneſſe,
Ceaſe thy continuall ſhowers of thy woe,

And

And let my pleasing wordes of comfort chase,
This duskie cloudes of thy vniust dispaire,
Farre from thy hart, and let a pleasing hope,
Of young *Pertillos* happy safe returne,
Establish all your ill deuining thoughts,
So shall you make me cheerefull that am sad,
And feede your hopes with fond illusions.

Sof. I could be so, but my diuided soule,
Twixt feare and hope of young *Pertillos* life,
Cannot ariue at the desired port,
Of firme beleefe, vntill mine eyes do see,
Him that I sent to know the certainetie.

Fal. To know the certaintie, of whom, of what,
Whome, whether, when, or whereabout I praie,
Haue you dispatcht a frustrate messenger,
By heauen, and earth, my heart misguiseth me,
They will preuent my cunning pollicie. *To the people.*
Why speake you not what winged *Pegasus*,
Is posted for your satisfaction.

Sof. Me thinkes my speach reueales a hidden feare,
And that feare telles me, that the childe is dead.

Fall. By sweete S. *Andrew* and my fathers soule,
I thinke the peeuish boy be too too well:
But speake, who was your passions harbinger.

Sof. One that did kindle my misdoubting thoughtes,
With the large flame of his timiddity.

Fall. Oh then I know the tinder of your feare,
Was young *Allenso* your white honnie sonne:
Confusion light vpon his timerous head,
For broching this large streame of feare fulnesse,
And all the plagues that damned furies feele,
For their forepassed bold iniquities:
Afflict you both for thus preuenting me.

Sof. Preuenting you, of what, *Fallerio* speake,
For if you doe not, my poore hart will breake.

Fall. Why of the good that I had purposed,
To young *Pertillo*, which I would conceale,

From

From you, and him, vntill the deed were done.
Soft. If it were good, then we affect him deare,
And would adde furtherance to your enterprise.
Fall. I say your close ease-dropping pollicies,
Haue hindred him of greater benefits,
Then I can euer do him after this:
If he liue long, and growe to riper sinne, *To the people*
Heele curse you both, that thus haue hindered
His freedome from this goale of sinfull flesh:
But let that passe, when went your hare-brainde sonne,
That Cuckow vertue-singing, hatefull byrde,
To guarde the safetie of his better part,
Which he hath pend within the childish coope,
Of young *Pertillos* sweete securitie.
Soft. That louely sonne, that comfort of my life,
That roote of vertuous magnamitie,
That doth affect with an vnfained loue,
That tender boy, which vnder heauens bright eye,
Deserueth most to be affected deare,
Went some two houres after the little boy
Was sent away, to keepe at *Padua*.
Fall. What is a louelie? he's a loathsome toade,
A one eyde *Cyclops*, a stigmaticke brat,
That durst attempt to contradict my will,
And prie into my close intendements.
Enter Alenso *sad.*
Mas here a comes, his downcast sullen looke,
Is ouer waigh'd with mightie discontent,
I hope the brat is posted to his sire,
That he is growne so lazie of his pace:
Forgetfull of his dutie, and his tongue,
Is euen fast tyde with strings of heauinesse.
Come hether boye, sawst thou my obstacle,
That little *Dromus* that crept into my sonne,
With friendly hand, remoou'd and thrust away,
Say I, and please me with the sweetest note,
That euer relisht in a mortals mouth.

Allen. I am a Swan that ſinge before I dye,
Your note of ſhame and comming miſerie.
Fall Speake ſoftly ſonne, let not thy mother heare,
She was almoſt dead before for very feare.
Alen. Would I could roare as inſtruments of warre,
Wall battring Cannons, when the Gun-powder
Is toucht with part of *Etnas* Element,
Would I could bellow like enraged Buls,
Whoſe harts are full of indignation,
To be captiu'd by humaine pollicie:
Would I could thunder like Almightie *Ioue*,
That ſends his farre heard voice to terrifie,
The wicked hearts of earthly cittizens:
Then roaring, bellowing, thundring, I would ſay,
Mother lament, *Pertillos* made away.
Soft. What is he dead, God giue me leaue to die,
And him repentance for his treacherie.
Falleth downe and dyeth.
Fall. Neuer the like impietie was done,
A mother ſlaine, with terror of the ſonne:
Helpe to repaire the damadge thou haſt made,
And ſeeke to call back life with dilligence.
Allen. Call back a happie creature to more woe,
That were a ſinne, good Father let her go:
O happy I, if my tormenting ſmart,
Could rend like her's, my griefe afflicted heart,
Would your hard hart extend vnto your wife,
To make her liue an euerdying life.
What is ſhe dead? oh then thrice happy ſhe,
Whoſe eyes are bard from our callamitie.
Fall. I all too ſoone, thou viper, paracide,
But for thy tongue thy mother had not dyde,
That belching voyce, that harſh night-rauen ſound,
Vntimely ſent thy mother to the ground,
Vpbraid my fault, I did deceiue my brother,
Cut out thy tongue, that ſlue thy carefull mother.
Allen. God loue my ſoule, as I in heart reioyce,

To

To haue ſuch power in my death bringing voice,
See how in ſteade of teares and hartie ſighes:
Of foulded armes and ſorrow ſpeaking lookes,
I doe behold with cheerefull countenance,
The liueleſſe roote of my natiuitie:
And thanke her haſty ſoule that thence did goe,
To keepe her from her ſonne and huſbandes woe.
Now father giue attention to my tale:
I will not dip my griefe deciphering tongue,
In bitter wordes of reprehenſion,
Your deeds haue throwne more miſchiefes on your head
Then wit or reaſon can remoue againe;
For to be briefe, *Perillo*, oh that name
Cannot be nam'de without a hearty ſigh,
Is murthered, and, *Fal.* What and, this newes is good.
Allen. The men which you ſuborn'd to murther him.
Fal. Better and better, then it cannot out,
Vnleſſe your loue will be ſo ſcripulous,
That it will ouerthrowe your ſelfe and me.
Allen. The beſt is laſt, and yet you hinder me,
The Duke of *Padua* hunting in the wood:
Accompanied with Lordes and gentlemen,
Fal. Swones what of that? what good can come of that?
Allen. Was made acquainted by the one of them,
(That had ſome little remnant of his life:)
With all your practice and conſpiracie?
Fall. I would that remnant had fled quicke to hell,
To fetch fierce findes to rend their carcaſes,
Rather then bring my life in ieopardie:
Is this the beſt, ſwones doe you mocke me ſonne,
And make a ieſt at my calamitie.
Allen. Not I good father, I will eaſe your woe,
If you but yeeld vnto my pollicie.
Fal. Declare it then, my wits are now to ſeeke,
That peece of life hath ſo confounded mee,
That I am wholly ouercome with feare.
Allen. The duke hath vow'd to proſecute your life,

With all the ſtrict ſeueritie he can,
But I will croſſe his reſoluſion:
And keepe you from his furie well enough,
Ile weare your habit, I will ſeeme the man,
That did ſuborne the bloodie murtherers,
I will not ſtir from out this houſe of woe,
But waight the comming of the officers,
And anſwere for you fore the angrie Duke,
And if neede be ſuffer your puniſhment.

Fall. Ile none of that, I do not like the laſt,
Ioue thee dearer then I doe my life,
And all I did, was to aduance thy ſtate,
To ſunne bright beames of ſhining happineſſe.

Allen. Doubte not my life, for when I doe appeare
Before the duke, I being not the man,
He can inflict no puniſhment on mee.

Fall. Mas thou ſaieſt true, a cannot puniſh thee,
Thou wert no actor of their Tragædie:
But for my beard thou canſt not counterfet,
And bring gray haires vppon thy downy chinne,
White froſtes are neuer ſeene in ſummers ſpring.

Allen. I bought a beard this day at *Padua*,
Such as our common actors vſe to weare:
When youth would put on ages countenaunce,
So like in ſhape, in colour, and in all,
To that which growes vpon your aged face,
That were I dreſſed in your abilimentes,
Your ſelfe would ſcarcely know me from your ſelfe.

Fal. That's excellent, what ſhape haſt thou deuiſ'd,
To be my vizard to delude the worlde:

Allen. Why thus, ile preſentlie ſhaue off your haire,
And dreſſe you in a lowlie ſhepheardes weede,
Then you will ſeeme to haue the carefull charge,
Of ſome wealth bringing rich and fleecy flocke,
And ſo paſſe currant from ſuſpition.

Fall. This care of thine my ſonne doth teſtifie,
Nature in thee hath firme predominance,

That

That neither losse of friend, nor vile reproch,
Can shake thee with their strongest violence:
In this disguise, ile see the end of thee,
That thou acquited, then maist succour me.
Allen. I am assur'd to be exempt from woe. *People.*
This pl .. will worke my certaine ouerthrow.
Fall. I will beare hence thy mother, and my wife,
Vntimely murthered with true sorrowes knife. *Exit.*
Allen. Vntimely murthered, happy was that griefe,
Which hath abridg'd whole numbers, numberlesse:
Of hart surcharging deplorations.
She shall haue due and christian funerall,
And rest in peace amongst her aunce stors,
As for our bodies, they shall be inter'd,
In rauening mawes, of Rauens, Puttockes, Crowes,
Of tatlin Magpies, and deathes harbingers,
That wilbe glutted with winde shaken limmes,
Of blood delighting hate full murtherers:
And yet these many winged sepulchers,
Shall turne to earth so I, and father shall,
At last attaine to earth by funerall,
Well I will prosecute my pollicy,
That wished death may end my miseries. *Exit.*

Enter Cowley, *and* Williams.

Cow. Still in your dumpes, good *Harry* yet at last,
Vtter your motiue of this heauinesse:
Why go you not vnto your maisters house?
What are you parted? if that be the cause,
I will prouide you of a better place.
Wil. Who roues all day, at length may hit the marke,
That is the cause, because I cannot stay,
With him whose loue, is dearer then my life.
Cow. Why fell you out? why did you part so soone?
Wil. We fell not out, but feare hath parted vs.
Cow. What did he feare your truth or honest life?
Wil. No, no, your vnderstanding is but dimme,

That farre remooued, cannot iudge the feare.
We both were feareſull, and we both did part,
Becauſe indeed we both were timerous.
Cow. What accident begot your mutuall feare?
Vvil. That which my hart hath promiſ'd to conceale.
Cow. Why now you fall into your auncient vaine.
Vvil. Tis vaine to vrge me from this ſilent vaine,
I will conceale it, though it breed my paine.
Cow. It ſeemes to be a thing of conſequence,
And therefore prithie *Harry* for my loue,
Open this cloſe faſt claſped myſterie.
Vvil. Were I aſſur'd my heart ſhould haue releaſe,
Of ſecret torment, and diſtemperature,
I would reueale it to you ſpecially,
Whom I haue found my faithfull fauorite.
Cow. Good *Harrie Villiams* make no doubt of that,
Beſides, your griefe reueal'd may haue reliefe,
Beyond your preſent expectation:
Then tell it *Harry*, what ſoere it be,
And eaſe your hart of horror, me of doubt.
Vvil. What haue you heard of *Beech* of Lambert hill?
And of his boy which late were murthered.
Cow. I heard, and ſawe, their mangled carcaſes.
Vvil. But haue you heard of them that murthered them?
Cow. No, would I had, for then Ide blaſe their ſhame,
And make them pay due penance for their ſinne.
Vvil. This I miſdoubted; therefore will forbeare,
To vtter what I thought to haue reueald.
Cow. Knowſt thou the actors of this murthrous deed,
And wilt conceale it now the deed is done?
Alas poore man, thou knoweſt not what thou dooſt,
Thou haſt incur'd the danger of the lawe,
And thou mongſt them muſt ſuffer puniſhment,
Vnleſſe thou do confeſſe it preſentlie.
Vvil. What? ſhall I then betray my maiſters life?
Cow. Better then hazard both thy life and ſoule,
To boulſter out ſuch barbarous villanie.

Why

Why then belike your maiſter did the deed.

Will. My maiſter vnawares eſcapt my mouth,
But what the Lord doth pleaſe ſhall come to light,
Cannot be hid by humaine pollicie:
His hapleſſe hand hath wrought the fatall end,
Of *Robert Beech* and *Thomas Winchester.*

Cow. Could he alone do both thoſe men to death?
Hadſt thou no ſhare in execution?

Will Nor knew not of it, till the deed was done.

Cow. If this be true, thou maiſt eſcape with life:
Confeſſe the truth vnto the officers,
And thou ſhalt finde the fauour of the lawe.

Will. If I offended, 'twas my Maiſters loue,
That made me hide his great tranſgreſſions:
But I will be directed as you pleaſe,
So ſaue me God, as I am innocent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Alenſo *in* Falleriaes *apparell and beard,* Falleria *ſhauen in ſhepheards habilliments.*

Fal. Part of my ſelfe, now ſeemſt thou wholy me,
And I ſeeme neither like my ſelfe, nor thee:
Thankes to thy care, and this vnknowne diſguiſe.
I like a ſhepheard now muſt learne to know,
When to lead foorth my little bleating flock,
To pleaſing paſtures, and well fatting walkes,
In ſtormie time to driue them to the lee,
To cheere the pretie Lambes, whoſe bleating voice,
Doth craue the wiſhed comfort of their dams,
To ſound my merry Bag-pipe on the downes,
In ſhearing times poore ſhepheards feſtiuals,
And laſtlie, how to driue the Wolfe away,
That ſeeke to make the little Lambes their prey.

Allen. Ah haue you care to driue the Wolfe away,
From ſillie creatures wanting intellecte,
And yet would ſuffer your deuouring thoughts,
To ſuck the blood of your dead brothers ſonne,

As

As pure and innocent as any lambe,
Pertillo was, which you haue fed vpon,
But things paſt helpe may better be bewaild
With carefull teares, then finde a remedie,
Therefore for feare our practiſe be eſpide,
Let vs to queſtion of our husbandrie,
How many Lambes fell from the middle flock,
Since I my ſelfe did take the latter view.

Enter Veſuuio, Turqual. Alberto.

Fall. Some viue and twenty, whereof two are dead,
But three and twenty ſcud about the fields,
That glads my hart to ze their iollitie.

Veſu. This is the man, conferring of his Lambes,
That ſlew a Lambe worth all his flock beſides,

Alen. When is the time to let the Weathers blood,
The forward ſpring, that had ſuch ſtore of graſſe,
Hath fild them full of ranke vnwholſome blood,
Which muſt be purg'd, elſe when the winter comes,
The rot will leaue me nothing but their skinnes.

Fall. Chil let om blood, but yet it is no time,
Vntill the zygne be gone below the hart.

Veſu. Forbeare a while this idle buſineſſe,
And talke of matters of more conſequence.

Fall. Che tell you plaine, you are no honeſt man,
To call a ſhepheards care an idle toye,
What though we haue a little merry ſport,
With flowrie gyrlonds, and an Oaten pipe,
And iolly ſtiskins on a holly-day,
Yet is a ſhepheards cure, a greater carke,
Then ſweating Plough-men with their buſie warke.

Veſu. Hence leaue your ſheepiſh ceremoniall,
And now *Fallerio*, in the Princes name,
I do arre? you, for the cruell murther
Of young *Pertillo* left vnto your charge,
Which you diſcharged with a bloody writ,
Sign'd by the hands of thoſe you did ſuborne:
Nay looke not ſtrange, we haue ſuch euidence,

To

To ratifie your Srigian cruelty,
That cannot be deluded any way:
Allen. Alas my Lords, I know not what you say,
As for my Nephew, he I hope is well,
I sent him yesterday to *Padua*.
Alber. I, he is well, in such a vengers handes,
As will not winck at your iniquity.
Allen. By heauen and earth my soule is innocent,
Say what you will, I know my conscience.
Fal. To be afflicted with a scourge of care,
Which my oreweaning rashnesse did inflict.
Turq. Come beare him hence, expostulate no more,
That heart that could inuent such treachery,
Can teach his face to braue it cunninglie.
Allen. I do defie your accusations,
Let me haue iustice I will answere it.
Vesun. So beare him hence, I meane to stay behinde,
To take possession of his goods and landes:
For the Dukes vse, it is too manifest.
Allen. I hope youle answere any thing you doe,
My Lord *Vesuuio* you shall answere it:
And all the rest that vse extremities.
Alber. I to the Dukes Exchecker not to you.

Exeunt omnes manet Fælleria.

Fal. Thus shades are caught when substances are fled,
Indeede they haue my garments, but my selfe,
Am close enough from their discouerie,
But not so close but that my verie soule,
Is ract with tormentes for *Perillos* death;
I am *Aileen*, I doe beare about
My hornes of shame and inhumanitie,
My thoughts, like hounds which late did flatter me:
With hope of great succeeding benefits.
Now gin to teare my care-tormented heart,
With feare of death and torting punishment,
These are the stings when as our consciences,
Are stufd and clogd with close concealed crimes,

Well I muſt ſmoather all theſe diſcontentes,
And ſtriue to beare a ſmoother countenaunce:
Then tugged care would willingly permit,
Ile to the Court to ſee *Allen/o* free,
That he may then relieue my pouertie. *Exit.*

Enter Conſtable, three watchmen with Halberdes.

Con. Who would haue thought of all the men aliue,
That *Thomas Merry* would haue done this deede:
So full of ruth and monſtrous wickedneſſe.
1.wat. Of all the men that liue in London walles.
I would haue thought that *Merry* had bin free,
2.wat. Is this the fruites of Saint-like Puritans,
I neuer like ſuch damn'd hipocriſie.
3.wat. He would not loaie a ſermon for a pound,
An oath he thought would rend his iawes in twaine,
An idle word did whet Gods vengeance on:
And yet two murthers were not ſcripulous,
Such cloſe illuſions God will bring to light,
And ouerthrowe the workers with his might.
Con. This is the houſe, come let vs knocke at dore,
I ſee a light they are not all in bed:
Knockes, Rachell *comes downe.*
How now faire maide, is your brother vp?
Rach. He's not within ſir, would you ſpeake with him?
Con. You doe but ieſt, I know he is within,
And I muſt needes go vppe and ſpeake with him.
Rach. In deede good ſir, he is in bed aſleepe,
And I was loath to trouble him to night.
Con. Well ſiſter, I am ſorry for your ſake,
But for your brother, he is knowne to be
A damned villaine and an hipocrite,
Rachell, I charge thee in her highneſſe name,
To go with vs to priſon preſently.
Rach. To priſon ſir, alas what haue I done?
Con. You know that beſt, but euery one doe know,

You

You and your brother murthered maiſter *Beech*,
And his poore boy that dwelt at Lambert hill.
Rach. I murthered, my brother knowes that I
Did not conſent to either of their deathes.
Con. That muſt be tride, where doth your brother lye?
Rach. Here in his bed, me thinks he's not a ſleepe.
Con. Now maiſter *Merry*, are you in a ſweate.
Throwes his nigbt cap away.
Merry ſigh. No verily, I am not in a ſweate.
Con. Some ſodaine feare affrights you, whats the cauſe?
Mer. Nothing but that you wak'd me vnawares.
Con. In the Queenes name: doe commaund you riſe,
And preſently to goe along with vs. *Riſeth vp.*
Mer. With all my hart, what doe you know the cauſe?
Con. We partly doe, when ſaw you maſter *Beech*?
Mer. I doe not well remember who you meane.
Con. Not *Beech* the chaundler vpon Lambert hill.
Mer. I know the man, but ſaw him not this fortnight.
Con. I would you had not, for your ſiſters ſake,
For yours, for his, and for his harmleſſe boy,
Be not obdurate in your wickednesſe,
Confeſſion drawes repentance after it.
Mer. Well maiſter Conſtable I doe confeſſe,
I was the man that did them both to death:
As for my ſiſter and my harmleſſe man,
I doe proteſt they both are innocent.
Con. Your man is faſt in hold, and hath confeſt,
The manner how, and where, the deede was done:
Therefore twere vaine to colour any thing,
Bring them away. *Rach.* Ah brother woe is me,
Mer. I comfortleſſe will helpe to comfort thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Trueth.

Weepe, weepe poore ſoules, & enterchange your woes,
Now *Merry* change thy name and countenance:
Smile not, thou wretched creature, leaſt in ſcorne,
Thou ſmile to thinke on thy extremities,

Thy woes were countleſſe for thy wicked deedes,
Thy ſiſters death neede not increaſe the coumpt,
For thou couldſt neuer number them before:
Gentles helpe out with this ſuppoſe I pray,
And thinke it truth for Truth dooth tell the tale.
Merry by lawe conuict, as principall,
Receiues his doome, to hang till he be dead,
And afterwards for to be hangd in chaines:
Williams and *Rachell* likewiſe are conuict
For their concealement, *Williams* craues his booke,
And ſo receaues a brond of infamie.
But wretched *Rachels* ſexe denies that grace,
And therefore dooth receiue a doome of death,
To dye with him, whoſe ſinnes ſhe did conceale.
Your eyes ſhall witneſſe of their ſhaded tipes,
Which many heere did ſee perform'd indeed:
As for *Fallerio*, not his homelie weedes,
His beardleſſe face, nor counterfetted ſpeech,
Can ſhield him from deſerued puniſhment:
But what he thinkes ſhall rid him from ſuſpect,
Shall drench him in more waues of wretchedneſſe,
Pulling his ſonne into relentleſſe iawes,
Of hungrie death, on tree of infamie:
Heere comes the Duke that doomes them both to die,
Next *Merries* death ſhall end this Tragedie. *Exit.*

Enter Duke, Veſuuio, Turq. Alberto:
and Fallerio *diſguiſed.*

Duke. Where is that *Syren*, that incarnate fiend,
Monſter of Nature, ſpectacle of ſhame,
Blot and confuſion of his familie,
Faiſe ſeeming ſemblance of true-dealing truſt,
I meane *Fallerio* bloody murtherer:
Hath he confeſt his curſed treacherie,
Or will he ſtand to prooue his innocence.
Veſu. We haue attach'de *Fallerio* gracious Lord,
And did accuſe him with *Perſullos* death:

But

But he remote, will not confesse himselfe,
Neither the meanes, nor author of the same,
His mightie vowes and protestations,
Do almost seeme to pleade integritie,
But that we all do know the contrarie.
Fall. I know your error stricks your knowledge blinde,
His seeming me, doth so delude your minde. *People.*
Duke. Then bring him forth, to answer for himselfe,
Since he stands stoutly to denie the deed:
Alberto *and other fetch* Alenso.
His sonne can witnesse, that the dying man,
Accusde *Fallerio* for his treacherie.
Stand forth thou close disguised hipocrite,
And speake directlie to these articles,
First, didst thou hire two bloodie murtherers
To massacre *Pertillo* in a wood?
Alen. I neuer did suborne such murtherers,
But euer lou'd *Pertillo* as my life.
Duke. Thy sonne can witnesse to the contrarie.
Alen. I haue no sonne to testifie so much.
Fal. No, for his grauitie is counterfeit,
Pluck of his beard, and you will sweare it so.
Vesu. Haue you no sonne? doth not *Alenso* liue?
Alen. *Alenso* liues, but is no sonne of mine.
Alber. Indeed his better part had not his source,
From thy corrupted vice affecting hart,
For vertue is the marke he aimeth at.
Duke. I dare be sworne that *Sostrata* would blush,
Shouldst thou deny *Alenso* for thy sonne.
Alen. Nay did she liue, she would not challenge me,
To be the father of that hapelesse sonne.
Turq. Nay, then anon you will denie your selfe,
To be your selfe, vniust *Fallerio*.
Alen. I do confesse my selfe, to be my selfe,
But will not answere to *Fallerio*.
Duke. Not to *Fallerio*, this is excellent,
You are the man was cal'd *Fallerio*.

Alen. He neuer breathed yet that cal'd me ſo,
Except he were deceiu'd as you are now.
Duke. This impudence ſhall not excuſe your fault,
You are well knowne to be *Fallerio*,
The wicked husband of dead *Soſtrata*,
And father to the vertuous *Alenſo*,
And euen as ſure as all theſe certeinties,
Thou didſt contriue thy little Nephewes death.
Alen. True, for I am nor falſe *Fallerio*,
Husband, nor father, as you do ſuggeſt,
And therefore did not hire the murtherers:
Which to be true acknowledge with your eyes.
Puls off his diſguiſe.
Duke. How now my Lords, this is a myracle,
To ſhake off thirtie yeares ſo ſodeinlie,
And turne from feeble age to flouriſhing youth.
Alb. But he my Lord that wrought this miracle,
Is not of power to free himſelfe from death,
Through the performance of this ſuddaine change.
Duke. No, were he the chiefeſt hope of Chriſtendome,
He ſhould not liue for this preſumpuon:
Vſe no excuſe, *Alenſo* for thy life,
My doome of death ſhall be irreuocable.
Alen. Ill fare his ſoule, that would extenuate
The rigor of your life confounding doome:
I am prepar'd with all my hart to die,
For thats th'end of humaine miſerie.
Duke. Then thus, you ſhall be hang'd immediatly,
For your illuſion of the Magiſtrates,
With borrowed ſhapes of falſe antiquitie.
Alen. Thrice happy ſentence, which I do imbrace,
With a more feruent and vnfained zeale,
Then an ambicious rule deſiring man,
Would do a Iem bedecked Diadem,
Which brings more watchfull cares and diſcontent,
Then pompe, or honor, can remunerate:
When I am dead, let it be ſaid of me,

Alenſo

Alenſo died to ſet his father free.
Pal That were a freedome worſe then ſeruitude,
To cruell Turke, or damned Infidell:
Moſt righteous Iudge, I do appeale for Iuſtice,
Iuſtice on him that hath deſerued death,
Not on *Alenſo*, he is innocent.
Alen. But I am guiltie of abbetting him,
Contrarie to his Maieſties Edict,
And therefore death is meritorious.
Fall. I am the wretch that did ſubborne the ſlaues,
To murther poore *Perillo* in the wood,
Spare, ſpare *Alenſo*, he is innocent.
Duke. What ſtrange appeale is this, we know thee not,
None but *Fallerio* is accuſde hereof.
Alen. Then father get you hence, depart in time,
Leaſt being knowne you ſuffer for the crime.
Fal. Depart, and leaue thee clad in horrors cloake,
And ſuffer death for true affection:
Although my ſoule be guiltie of more ſinne,
Then euer ſinfull ſoule were guiltie of:
Yet fiends of hell would neuer ſuffer this,
I am thy father, though vnworthy ſo:
Oh ſtill I ſee theſe weedes do ſeare your eyes:
I am *Fallerio*, make no doubt of me. *Put off.*
Though thus diſguiſde, in habite, countenance,
Only to ſcape the terror of the lawe.
Alen. And I *Alenſo* that did ſuccour him,
Gainſt your commaundement, mightie Soueraigne:
Ponder your oath, your vowe, as God did liue,
I ſhould not liue, if I did refeue him:
I did, God liues, and will reuenge it home,
If you defer my condigne puniſhment.
Duke. Aſſure your ſelues you both ſhall ſuffer death:
But for *Fallerio*, he ſhall hang in chaines,
After he's dead, for he was principall.
Fall. Vnſauerie Woormewood, Hemlock, bitter gall,
Brings no ſuch bad, vnreliſht, lower taſte,

Vnto

Vnto the tongue, as this death boding voice,
Brings to the eares of poore *Fallerio*.
Not for my selfe but for *Allensos* sake,
Whome I haue murthered by my trechery:
Ah my dread Lord, if any little sparke,
Of melting pittie doth remaine aliue,
And not extinguisht by my impious deedes,
Oh kindle it vnto a happie flame,
To light *Allenso* from this miserie;
Which through dim death he's like to fall into.

Allen. That were to ouerthrow my soule and all,
Should you reuerse this sentence of my death:
My selfe would play the death man on my selfe,
And ouertake your swift and winged soule,
Ere churlish *Caron* had transported you,
Vnto the fields of sad *Proserpina*.

Duke. Cease, cease *Fallerio*, in thy bootlesse prayers,
I am resolu'd, I am inexorable,
Vesuuio, see their iudgement be performde,
And vse *Alenso* with all clemencie:
Prouided that the lawe be satisfied.

Exit Duke and Alberto.

Vesu. It shall be done with all respectiuenesse,
Haue you no donbt of that my gratious Lord.

Fal. Here is a mercie mixt with equitie,
To shew him fauour, but cut off his head.

Alen. My reuerend father, pacifie your selfe,
I can, and will, indure the stroake of death,
Were his appearance nere so horrible,
To meete *Pertillo* in another world.

Fal. Thou shouldst haue tarried vntill natures course
Had beene extinct, that thou oregrowne with age,
Mightst die the death of thy progenitors,
Twas not thy meanes he died so soddenly,
But mine, that causing his, haue murthred thee.

Alen. But yet I slew my mother, did I not?

Fal. I, with reporting of my villanie,

The

The very audit of my wickednesse,
Had force enough to giue a sodaine death:
Ah sister, sister, now I call to minde,
Thy dying wordes now prou'd a prophesie,
If you deale ill with this distressed childe:
God will no doubt reuenge the innocent,
I haue delt ill, and God hath tane reuenge.

Allen. Now let vs leaue remembrance of past deedes,
And thinke on that which more concerneth vs.

Fal. With all my hart thou euer wert the spur,
Which prickt me on to any godlinesse:
And now thou doest indeuor to incite,
Me make my parting peace with God and men:
I doe confesse euen from my verie soule,
My hainous sinne and grieuous wickednesse,
Against my maker manie thousand waies:
Abimo cordis I repent my selfe,
Of all my sinnes against his maiestie:
And heauenly father lay not to my charge,
The death of poore *Pertillo* and those men,
Which I suborn'd to be his murtherers,
When I appeare before thy heauenlie throne,
To haue my sentence, or of life or death.

Vesu. Amen, amen, and God continue still,
These mercie mouing meditations.

Allen. And thou great God which art omnipotent,
Powerfull enough for to redeeme our soules:
Euen from the verie gates of gaping hell,
Forgiue our sinnes, and wash away our faults;
In the sweete riuer of that precious blood,
Which thy deare sonne did shed in *Galgotha*,
For the remission of all contrite soules.

Fal. Forgiue thy death my thrice beloued soane.

Allen. I doe, and father pardon my misdeedes,
Of disobedience and vnthankfullnesse.

Fal. Thou neuer yet wert disobedient,
Vnlesse I did commaund vnlawfulnesse,

Vngratefulneſſe did neuer trouble thee,
Thou art too bounteous thus to guerdon me.
Allen. Come let vs kiſſe and thus imbrace in death,
Euen when you will come bring vs to the place:
Where we may conſumate our wretched neſſe,
And change it for eternall hapineſſe. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Merry *and* Rachel *to execution with Officers with Halberdes, the Hangman with a lather, &c.*

Mer. Now ſiſter *Rachell* is the houre come,
Wherein we both muſt ſatiſfie the law,
For *Beeches* death and harmeleſſe *Wincheſter*:
Weepe not ſweete ſiſter, for that cannot helpe,
I doe confeſſe fore all this company,
That thou wert neuer priuie to their deathes,
But onelie helpeſt me when the deede was done,
To wipe the blood and hide away my ſinne,
And ſince this fault hath brought thee to this ſhame,
I doe intreate thee on my bended knee,
To pardon me for thus offending thee.
Rach. I doe forgiue you from my verie ſoule,
And thinke not that I ſhed theſe ſtore of teares,
For that I price my life, or feare to dye,
Though I confeſſe the manner of my death,
Is much more grieueuous then my death it ſelfe;
But I lament for that it hath beene ſaid,
I was the author of this crueltie,
And did produce you to this wicked deede,
Whereof God knowes that I am innocent.
Mer. Indeed thou art, thy conſcience is at peace, *Goe vp the lather.*
And feeles no terror for ſuch wickedneſſe,
Mine hath beene vexed but is now at reſt,
For that I am aſſur'd my hainous ſinne:
Shall neuer riſe in iudgement gainſt my ſoule,
But that the blood of Ieſus Chriſt hath power,

To

To make my purple ſinne as white as Snowe.
One thing good people, witneſſe here with me,
That I do dye in perfect charitie,
And do forgiue, as I would be forgiuen,
Firſt of my God, and then of all the world:
Ceaſe publiſhing that I haue beene a man,
Train'd vp in murther, or in crueltie,
For fore this time, this time is all too ſoone,
I neuer ſlue or did conſent to kill,
So helpe me God as this I ſpeake is true:
I could ſay ſomething of my innocence,
In fornication and adulterie,
But I confeſſe the iuſteſt man aliue
That beares about the frailtie of a man,
Cannot excuſe himſelfe from daily ſinne,
In thought, in word, and deed, ſuch was my life,
I neuer hated *Beech* in all my life,
Onely deſire of money which he had,
And the inciting of that foe of man,
That greedie gulfe, that great *Lauiathan*,
Did halle me on to theſe callamities,
For which, euen now my very ſoule dooth bleede:
God ſtrengthen me with patience to endure,
This chaſtiſement, which I confeſſe too ſmall
A puniſhment for this my hainous ſinne:
Oh be couragious ſiſter, fight it well,
We ſhall be crown'd with immortallitie.

Rach. I will not faint, but combat manfully,
Chriſt is of power to helpe and ſtrengthen me.

Officer. I pray make haſt, the hower is almoſt paſt.

Mer. I am prepar'd, oh God receiue my ſoule,
Forgiue my ſinnes, for they are numberleſſe,
Receiue me God, for now I come to thee.

Turne of the Lather: Rachel *ſhrinketh.*

Offi. Nay ſhrinke not woman, haue a cheereſull h[illegible].

Rach. I, ſo I do, and yet this ſinfull fleſh,
Will be rebellious gainſt my willing ſpirit,

Come let me clime theſe ſteps that lead to heauen,
Although they ſeeme the ſtaires of infamie:
Let me be merror to enſuing times,
And teach all ſiſters how they do conceale,
The wicked deeds, of brethren, or of friends,
I not repent me of my loue to him,
But that thereby I haue prouoked God,
To heauie wrath and indignation,
Which turne away great God, for Chriſtes ſake.
Ah *Harry Williams*, thou wert chiefeſt cauſe,
That I do drinke of this moſt bitter cup,
For hadſt thou opened *Beeches* death at firſt,
The boy had liu'd, and thou hadſt ſau'd my life:
But thou art bronded with a marke of ſhame,
And I forgiue thee from my very ſoule,
Let him and me, learne all that heare of this,
To vtter brothers or their maiſters miſſe,
Conceale no murther, leaſt it do beget,
More bloody deeds of like deformitie.
Thus God forgiue my ſinnes, receiue my ſoule,
And though my dinner be of bitter death,
I hope my ſoule ſhall ſup with Ieſus Chriſt,
And ſee his preſence euerlaſtingly. *Dyeth.*

Offi. The Lord of heauen haue mercy on her ſoule,
And teach all other by this ſpectacle,
To ſhunne ſuch dangers as ſhe ran into,
By her miſguided taciturnitie:
Cut downe their bodies, giue hers funerall,
But let his body be conueyed hence,
To Mile-end greene, and there be hang'd in chaines.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Truthe.

Tru. See here the end of lucre and deſire
Of riches, gotten by vnlawfull meanes,
What monſtrous euils this hath brought to paſſe,
Your ſcarce drie eyes giue teſtimoniall,

The

The father, ſonne: the ſiſter, brother brings,
To open ſcandall, and contemptuous death.
Enter Homicide and Couetouſneſſe.
But heere come they that wrought theſe deeds of ruthe,
As if they meant to plot new wickedneſſe:
Whether ſo faſt, you damned miſcreants?
Yee vaine deluders of the credulous,
That ſeeke to traine men to deſtruction.
Mur. Why we will on, to ſet more harmes a flote,
That I may ſwim in riuers of warme blood,
Out-flowing from the ſides of Innocents.
Couet. I will intice the greedie minded ſoule,
To pull the fruite from the forbidden tree:
Yet *Tantall* like, he ſhall but glut his eye,
Nor feede his body with ſalubrious fruite.
Tru. Hence Stigmaticks, you ſhall not harbor heare,
To practice execrable butcheries:
My ſelfe will bring your cloſe deſignes to light,
And ouerthrow your vilde conſpiracies,
No hart ſhall intertaine a murthrous thought,
Within the ſea imbracing continent,
Where faire *Eliza* Prince of pietie,
Doth weare the peace adorned Diadem.
Couet. Mauger the worſt, I will haue many harts,
That ſhall affect my ſecret whiſperings,
The chinck of golde is ſuch a pleaſing crie,
That all men wiſh to heare ſuch harmony,
And I will place ſterne murther by my ſide,
That we may do more harmes then haughty pride.
Homi. Truth, now farewell, hereafter thou ſhalt ſee,
Ile vexe thee more with many tragedies.
Truth. The more the pitty, would the hart of man,
Were not ſo open wide to entertaine,
The harmfull baites, of ſelfe deuouring ſinne,
But from the firſt vnto the latter times,
It hath and will be ſo eternally,
Now it remaines to haue your good aduice,

Vnto a motion of ſome conſequence,
There is a Barke thats newly rigd for ſea,
Vnmand, vnfurniſhd with munition:
She muſt incounter with a greater foe,
Then great *Alcydes* ſlue in *Lerna* Lake,
Would you be pleaſd to man this willing barke,
With good conceits of her intencion,
To ſtore her with the thundring furniture,
Of ſmootheſt ſmiles, and pleaſing plaudiats,
She ſhall be able to endure the ſhock,
Of ſnarling *Zoylus*, and his curſed crue,
That ſeekes to ſincke her in reproches waues,
And may perchance obteine a victorie,
Gainſt curious carpes, and fawning Paraſites:
But if you ſuffer her for want of ayde,
To be orewhelmd by her inſulting foes,
Oh then ſhe ſinckes, that meant to paſſe the flood,
With ſtronger force to do her countrie good:
It reſteth thus whether ſhe liue or dye
She is your Beades-man euerlaſtinglie.

FINIS. Rob. Yarington.

Laus Deo.

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